

# The Daily Mirror

No. 379.

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as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

MRS. HOLDEN, THE WOMAN WHO WAS NEARLY BURIED ALIVE.



Mrs. Holden, of Hapton, near Accrington, who was brought back to life while being measured for her coffin by an undertaker. Mrs. Holden was supposed to have died at five o'clock on Monday morning. When the undertaker called to measure the body he was dumfounded to see the eyelids twitch, and setting to work he applied restoratives, and gradually Mrs. Holden came round. The resuscitated woman is seen in bed in the above photograph, taken shortly after she had recovered. This is the third time the remarkable experience of nearly being buried alive befell Mrs. Holden.—(Cameron.)



Mr. Holden, who laid out his wife as dead and arranged for her funeral before it was discovered that she was only in a cataleptic trance. He is an engineer's labourer.



Mr. Waddington, the undertaker, through whose presence of mind Mrs. Holden was restored to life.



The two little Holden children, whose mother was so miraculously saved from being buried alive. — (Cameron.)



## BIRTHS.

**COVELL**.—On January 13, at 1, Burghale-road, Herne-hill, the wife of Mr. Ernest Covell, of a son.

**QUAILE**.—On the 18th inst. at Westfield, Wilton-road, Muesel-hill, N., the wife of E. C. Quaile, of a son.

**SEYMOUR HICKS**.—On the 16th inst. the wife of Seymour Hicks (Miss Lilian Terrier), of a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

**HANBURY-ARBUHNOT**.—On January 17, at St. James's Church, Paddington, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of St. Albans, cousin of the bride, assisted by the Rev. Canon H. Trotter, uncle of the bridegroom, and the Rev. J. A. Gordon, Nigel, youngest son of George Hanbury, of 28, Princeps-road, and Bywood, Burnham, Bucks, to E. Lynn Marion, eldest daughter of Herbert Robinson Arbuthnot, of 76, Westbourne-square, W.

## DEATHS.

**BIDDELL**.—On January 17, at 32, The Grove, The Boltons, S.W., Clara Helen, the beloved wife of Sidney Bidwell, and younger daughter of the late Robert Harris, of Annet, Canada.

**CORBOULD**.—On the 16th inst. at 8, Victoria-road, Kensington, Edward Henry Corbould, R.N., in his 90th year. Service, St. Mary Abbots' Church, Kensington, Saturday next, at 10 a.m.

**MILLER**.—On January 17, at 15, Oakhurst-grove, East Dulwich, S.E., Thomas Miller, late of No. 1, The Laurels, Balldene-lane, Finchley, in his 81st year.

**PEMBROKE**.—On January 15, at 37, West-park, E. Ham, John Gwyneth, infant daughter of A. G. Pembroke.

**WILMERS**.—On the 17th inst. at 14, Hall-road, N.W., Robert Derrick, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wilmers.

## PERSONAL.

AT each seal red hot not used ain cak.

ADA is improved to communicate with her anxious parents.

DEAR E.—Footings common on Saturday. No other way of letting you know.

EVELYN.—How insolent of you to say: Don't care for an invalid. John shall never forgive you that.

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**HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE**. MR. TREE (Last night). **"THE TEMPEST"** (Last night).

MUCH AD ABOUT NOTHING will be produced on TUESDAY NEXT, January 24.

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13 "LOVES ADORATION." Words by Ed. Teschemacher. Music by Charles Deacon.

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## HOUSES AND PROPERTIES.

Houses, Offices, Etc., to Let.

HOW to obtain a home rent free and a pension. It can be done for a small monthly payment for the next five years.—Write monthly to the Editor of "Practical Thrift," to P. T. Dept. 72, Bishopsgate-st. Without, E.C.



## IS IT REVOLT?

### Great Russian Strike Stops

Building of Warships  
and Submarines.

## GRAVE OUTLOOK.

### 60,000 Men Refuse to Formulate

Terms—Further Strikes  
Impending.

Russia is moving towards revolt with quickening steps.

Prince Mirski, the amiable Minister of the Interior, has again resigned—for the fourth time, it is said.

Now the Tsar has accepted his resignation, and so the last hopes of the reformers vanish.

St. Petersburg is in the grip of a strike, in which 60,000 men are already concerned. This strike is more than industrial.

It has its cause in deep-rooted social and political discontent.

Many of the strikers are Government employes, and they refuse even to formulate terms.

Their object, then, is not to obtain better wages or shorter hours. They want to harass the Government, to impede the war preparations in the dockyards—in a word, to protest against the existing order of things.

May not such a strike be the first step in the impending revolution?

## VIOLENCE FEARED.

### Large Forces of Military and Police Held in Readiness in St. Petersburg.

Sixty thousand men are on strike, and there is an immediate prospect of at least as many more strikers joining them.

The men at the Putiloff Ironworks struck first, and were followed by those of the Franco-Russian Works.

Then came a strike at the Neva Shipbuilding Works, which is a Government concern, where submarines and warships are in course of construction. Eight thousand men have also struck at Stieglitz.

The men are not inclined to listen to reason, and violence is feared. The manager suggested that they should formulate their terms, and submit them to the Prefect of Police. They refused to do so.

The Prefect of Police has gone to the works, whither large forces of military and police have already been drafted. It is feared that the Obukhoff Steel Works will join the movement, thus reinforcing the ranks of the strikers by 20,000 men.

It is expected that the men employed at the arsenal and the Warsaw railway workshops will also strike on Friday.

### CONDITION OF RUSSIAN PEASANTRY.

The Tsar's Ukase of December 25, 1904, as far as it relates to Russian peasant law, is explained, says Reuter, in a circular issued to provincial governors by the Minister of the Interior.

The governors are directed to facilitate the work of provincial conferences. Members of these conferences are encouraged to freely express their opinions, so that the needs of the peasantry may be ascertained.

### STRAWES.

The "Moskovskiya Viedomosti" understands that the University of Moscow will remain closed this year.

A meeting of Kiev jurists has been closed because it passed a resolution in favour of reform.

The Town Council of St. Petersburg has complained to the Senate against M. Fulloff, the mayor, for calling upon a number of dvorniks (house-porters) to support the police during the street riots on December 11.

The strike at Baku has caused a loss of over half a million tons of oil, besides the damage done to the towers and shafts.

### NORTH SEA INQUIRY.

To-day the first public sitting of the North Sea Commission will be held in Paris, and a special messenger from the Foreign Office left Charing Cross last night with important documents relating to the inquiry.

The Earl of Desart, who represents the British Treasury, Sir E. Fry, and three other British representatives, also left England for Paris yesterday.

The fishermen of the Gamecock Fleet who are to give evidence left London for Paris last night.

## IS STOESSEL A HERO?

### Fierce St. Petersburg Controversy on the Port Arthur Surrender.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.—The allegation that Stoessel surrendered without good cause, and that he was not the real hero of Port Arthur's defence, is only now beginning to gain credence in St. Petersburg. But for the last day or two all thinking Russia has been asking: Is there any truth in the allegation?

An Odessa newspaper asks pertinently why the commander who boasted "Port Arthur will be my grave" surrendered with twenty or twenty-five thousand unwounded troops and two months' stores?

Exaggerated stories are being circulated and widely believed. One is that Stoessel had no less than 40,000 healthy men, but that the Tsar ordered him to surrender.

A staff officer of high standing, whom I met last night, declared that Stoessel could not possibly have held out another fortnight. The so-called "inner defences" of the town were not strong enough to stop a determined rush for an hour.

The general effect of the controversy is still further to discredit the Government. Those who take neither side argue thus: "If Stoessel is a hero, the Government is guilty for not rescuing him; if he is a poltroon, the Government is culpable for appointing him."

### DR. MILLER MAGUIRE'S VIEWS.

Dr. Miller Maguire supplements the interview which appeared yesterday's *Daily Mirror*, with an interesting letter, in which he says:—

"If a general surrenders even two days too soon he may inflict irreparable damage on his country. Had Bazaine held out in Metz one fortnight longer he might have damaged the German scheme of operations in respect of the investment of Paris irretrievably. Delay is essential, and especially when a nation with great resources is taken unprepared at the beginning of a war. Hence the rule to hold out at any risks, even the risk of bombardment for days.

"On the other hand, General Stoessel is much more likely to have known what to do than any critic at this distance.

## BATTLE IMMINENT.

### 700,000 Men Preparing for a Momentous Fight Near Mukden.

Preparations for a great battle in Manchuria are now in active progress.

Relying on his superiority in cavalry, it is said that General Kuropatkin will immediately force a battle on the plains bordering the Hunho river.

The extreme west point of the probable field of battle is only twenty miles from Mukden, and the length of the battle line may be something like fifty miles.

A moderate estimate of the opposing forces gives each side 350,000 men. Marshal Oyama has recently received 40,000 troops from Port Arthur, while reinforcements have been reaching Kuropatkin at the rate of 5,000 men a day.

The coming battle will be the biggest of the war.

## BALTIC FLEET RECALLED?

### Lloyd's Excited by an Enormous Insurance Effectuated at Low War Rates.

Some stir was caused in the marine insurance market in London yesterday by the underwriting of no fewer than sixteen large Hamburg-American liners. In each case the underwriting was for war risks only, at the low premium of twenty shillings per cent. for the voyage out and home. All are very valuable boats, averaging £100,000 each, although each has been insured for only £50,000 against risk of capture.

The view generally accepted is that the Baltic Fleet which is now off Madagascar has been recalled, and that the Hamburg-American colliers are intended to act as feeders on the way home.

This, at any rate, would explain the low premiums charged by the underwriters and the insurance of the vessels at only about half their actual value, as it is generally assumed that no Japanese warship will come east of Singapore or Colombo.

### TWO BRITISH STEAMERS CAPTURED.

TOKYO, Wednesday.—The Japanese captured the British steamer *Bawtry* in the Tsushima Straits at eleven o'clock yesterday morning. The *Bawtry* is a vessel of 1,542 tons register, and was carrying provisions, shipbuilding materials, etc., from Kiaochow to Vladivostok. She has been brought into Sasebo. The Prize Court has not yet given its decision concerning her. Meanwhile, the capture of another vessel is reported from Sasebo.—Reuter.

Through the frost at the turn of the year the flower-growers of the Riviera have lost nearly £200,000.

## GREAT GERMAN COAL STRIKE.

### Strong Advance in Prices Caused Throughout the British

### Coalfields.

The number of men concerned in the great German coal strike was yesterday 175,523, distributed over 203 pits.

According to official figures, on September 30, 1904, says Reuter, the total number of miners employed in the Ruhr Coalfield numbered 238,256. The directors have issued a circular announcing that, owing to the strike, the coal syndicate cannot guarantee fulfilment of contracts.

At Newcastle the price of coal for abroad went up from 12s. to 15s. 6d. a ton, and laid-up boats are being brought out.

The price of Monmouthshire coal went up 1s. a ton.

There was a big inquiry from Glasgow for the East Coast shipping trade, to be delivered within three to five weeks, which shows that the big coal merchants expect that the trouble in Germany will last at least that period.

## CHINESE LABOUR.

### Lord Teynham Reaffirms His Statement That No More Coolies Are To Be Landed.

From an official source the Press Association understands that no action has been taken by the authorities to place any restriction upon the importation of Chinese coolies into the Transvaal.

Despite the official denial, Lord Teynham adheres stoutly to the statement to the contrary that he made on Tuesday.

"I had it from a high authority—a gentleman connected with her late Majesty's Government,"

### ADMIRAL FOURNIER,



President of the North Sea Inquiry Commission, who has just discovered a formula which, given the lines and dimensions of any vessel, will render it possible to tail beforehand what power will be required to steam at a given speed.

declared Lord Teynham to the *Daily Mirror* last night.

"It is a gross perversion of the facts to say that the Chinese labour is slavery; its introduction has induced black labour, instead of stopping it."

"Millions of money for the development of the mines is lying idle for lack of labourers. Every batch of Chinese labour means additional employment for British miners in higher capacities."

### HAPPY COOLIES.

Chinese labour had already proved to be good for white labour, good for black labour, and good for the gold industry on the Rand in general, said the chairman at the annual meeting of the Van Ryn Gold Mines Estate, Limited, yesterday.

It was stated that the report of a rising among the coolies in South Africa was absolutely unfounded.

### GERMAN LINER WRECKED.

HAMBURG, Wednesday.—The Hamburg-Amerikan Steamship Company state that their steamer *Bengalia* has struck the rocks on the coast of Madagascar, and has sunk.

The crew were saved, but the vessel appears to be a total loss.—Reuter.

## HEROISM AND DEATH.

### Five School Children Drowned While Sliding on the Ice.

### BOY'S GALLANTRY.

The merry laughter of happy children was tragically interrupted at Bettisfield, near Whitechurch, yesterday, by a catastrophe which has enveloped the little town in a gloom of sadness.

A number of school children were sliding on a small sheet of water near the railway station when the ice gave way, and they fell in.

With a heroism which belied his tender years a little lad named Maddocks, aged fourteen, rushed bravely into the icy water and did all he could to save his playmates from their appalling fate.

His gallant efforts, however, were unsuccessful, and he was in imminent danger of forfeiting his own life for his gallantry.

Five children—four boys and a girl—were drowned, and Maddocks, too, was almost given up. Indeed, his recovery was despaired of, but, happily, just as his head appeared above the treacherous, broken ice for the last time, the brave boy managed to see and catch the rope which was thrown to him, and he was saved some hours before all the bodies were recovered.

### SPLENDID BRAVERY.

The gallant conduct of Henry Berry, aged eight, and George Goodfellow, aged eleven, who were drowned in a pond at Hoole, Chester, while attempting to rescue a companion named Wright, was spoken of in terms of the highest praise by the coroner's jury who yesterday inquired into the sad affair.

The jury sympathised with the bereaved parents and recommended Mr. Evans for the Royal Humane Society's medal.

### HEROIC ENGINE-DRIVER.

Whilst the last passenger train from Glasgow to Thornhill was emerging from Carron Bridge tunnel last night a mass of frozen snow struck the boiler of the engine and smashed the cab window.

The driver, George Henderson, was caught heavily by the falling mass, a deep gash was cut on his right temple, and an artery of his right hand was severed.

Regardless of the stream of blood which flowed from his hand, which he stemmed by holding it with his left hand, and of the blood which poured down his face, Henderson drove his engine on to Dumfries.

## FATAL TOBOGANNING.

### Two Children Dash Under the Wheels of a Train.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

GENEVA, Wednesday.—Tobogganning accidents have occurred in appalling numbers in Switzerland during the past few days.

There have been nearly forty mishaps, fourteen of which took place at Gen, near the Faucille Pass. Two of the victims, it is feared, will die.

At Utzwil, in St. Gall, two children dashed the barrier of a level crossing into the wheels of a passing train. One was cut in two, and the other lost a leg.

### GREAT PARIS FRAUDS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—Another arrest has been made in connection with the great gold shares fraud.

Braun de Chabrely and his alleged accomplice, Mme. Pantine Goguelat, are already in custody, and to-day a third person, a man named Leon Day, has been captured.

The police now believe that they have discovered a band of international swindlers.

### DISASTER IN NORWAY.

CHRISTIANIA, Wednesday.—An enormous mass of rock overhanging the Loenvaad Lake, north of Bergen, suddenly fell into the water last Sunday evening, sending a devastating wave twenty feet high sweeping across the country.

Eight injured people have been rescued from the debris of the fallen rock, of whom one has since expired.—Reuter.

### PRINCESS VICTORIA.

With reference to a statement that Princess Victoria is suffering from influenza, the Press Association learns that her Royal Highness was out walking at Sandringham yesterday morning.

Sir Frederic Treves and Sir Francis Laking remained at Sandringham yesterday.

The King, the Prince of Wales, and several of his Majesty's guests were out shooting at Sandringham yesterday. Queen Alexandra, the Princess of Wales, and other ladies joined the party at luncheon.



## REVIVALS ALL ALONG THE LINE.

Bishop of London's Great Mission  
to West End Churches.

### REFORMATION IN MANNERS

There are to be revivals within revivals. A general quick-step of the whole Church, that is the trend of events in the religious life of to-day. There is the Welsh revival, the Torrey-Alexander mission, the Salvation Army special crusade, and the Bishop of London's evangelistic services among West End churches, not to mention innumerable local revivals among the Nonconformist chapels—all emulous, without being rivals.

The Bishop of London's own particular mission during March and April synchronises with the Torrey-Alexander mission in the West End. So that between these two evangelistic agencies, the well-to-do classes will have a stimulating period.

Archdeacon Sinclair, interviewed by the *Daily Mirror*, yesterday, described the Bishop's crusade as a "conversion mission," and its hoped-for results he characterised as a "reformation in manners." It will extend over six weeks, and evangelistic addresses will be delivered nightly by the Bishop himself. The area of his mission will embrace six of the principal churches.

#### English Unlike Welsh.

Some idea of what may happen can partly be gathered from what has happened in London before. Twenty years ago, said Archdeacon Sinclair, Bishop Jackson conducted a revival in London, which left very considerable results; and ten years later, in the time of Bishop Temple and Archbishop Benson, a revival was inaugurated in Westminster Abbey, and culminated in a great evangelistic service in St. Paul's.

"In the coming mission of the Bishop of London we cannot expect such striking manifestations amongst people of the English race as we see at the present moment in Wales, not for the first time. The preaching of the Gospel in the past had something of the same result, and for the time produced a real reformation of manners."

"I think it is quite accidental that the mission of Dr. Torrey is arriving at the same time as Mr. Evan Roberts's preaching in Wales. It is to be hoped much good may come from the preaching of the American evangelist. Certainly much good was done in former years by the two visits of Messrs. Moody and Sankey."

#### Albert Hall Drawbacks.

"But it is very difficult to stir up enthusiasm in the Albert Hall. The space is so vast and the sound so bad. In the main I think such efforts do most good when they are purely spontaneous." Asked for his views upon the permanency of conversions brought about in the midst of evangelistic fervour, Archdeacon Sinclair was no pessimist. He said some people were rather apt to be dismayed by symptoms of hysterical excitement and extravagance.

"But, allowing for that, we must agree that solid advantage remains to the community in renewed lives. The saying of Our Lord has been again and again verified in these outbursts of faith and feeling: 'The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. So is everyone that is born of the Spirit.'"

### REVIVAL ITEMS.

To-day is the Salvation Army Day of Prayer in Exeter Hall. Devotions begin at 10 a.m., and continue without a break till 10 p.m. General Booth and his staff officers will all attend. So will the staff band of thirty first-rate instrumentalists.

Mr. Fox Buxton, conductor of the 2,000-voiced Albert Hall choir, says some of the hymns are as hard to read as Beethoven. Of the 141 in the collection only eleven are old favourites.

Thursday, February 23, has been set apart by the Metropolitan Free Church Federation for a series of meetings on the question of the revival of religion.

Mr. Putterill, the general secretary, takes no exception to the selling of penny pirated copies of the "Glory Song." "It is all in a good cause," he says.

The largest individual donation to the funds of the Torrey-Alexander mission so far has been £250. A cheque for £100 was received yesterday.

Last night twenty-five sandwiches stood at the corners of the principal West End streets holding aloft illuminated notices of the coming mission.

St. Paul's Day, January 25, is to be observed by the Church Army as a day of intercession that the revival in Wales may spread to London.

The Briton tabernacle is to be so built that everybody in the audience will see as well as hear the preacher.

## PAUPERS TRIUMPHANT.

Wonders of Wood-chopping and Successful Strike for Fresh Beef.

Sixty paupers of the workhouse of the royal borough of Windsor have mutined.

"We are being treated too much like children," they said, and on Sunday refused to eat their dinner of tinned meat, bread, jam, and boiled rice.

Yesterday the guardians met and conferred. They found that soldiers ate tinned meat in the Boer war, that the said meat cost 5½d. a lb., whereas butcher's meat could be bought in Windsor for 4½d. a lb.

But the chairman declared, amid cheers, that there is "nothing like the roast beef of old England."

And a minute of victory was entered for the sixty. They have won fresh meat, "at the discretion of the master."

This is not the only victory in the pauper world. The children at the Norwood Poor Law School are to see the Brixton pantomime in response to the manager's invitation after all.

Yesterday the Lambeth Guardians reversed their refusal of last week, which was based on the theory that theatres generally have an immoral influence, and have accepted the invitation.

Again, in another department the people of the workhouse have scored a success, and it is a true triumph. They have shown a love of profitable work.

At the same meeting of the Lambeth Guardians yesterday, the Wood-chopping Committee announced a profit on their account of £108.

"Inmates of the workhouse come to me," declared the chairman, "with tears in their eyes, and say 'For God's sake, give us some wood-chopping, rather than what about the house with nothing to do.' Wood-chopping is not a task, but a pleasure in the modern poor-house."

## SEAT IS A LEASE.

What Leading Theatrical Managers Say About  
Excluding Ticket-holders.

"A man who has paid for his seat in a theatre has the right to occupy it. No manager can refuse him admission unless he has good reason to believe he will make himself a nuisance."

So said Mr. Jocelyn Brandon, the famous theatrical lawyer, yesterday. He was discussing with the *Daily Mirror* the case of Mr. Metcalfe, a New York dramatic critic, who was refused admission to Daly's Theatre as an "objectionable person."

"His case," went on Mr. Brandon, "recalls the exclusion of Mr. A. B. Walkley, the 'Times' critic, from the Garrick. That affair was amicably settled, but if Mr. Walkley had brought an action he would have won."

"A man who has purchased a seat is a lessee of that seat as long as the performance lasts."

Mr. Robert Arthur, who controls many theatres in London and the provinces, supported this view.

Mr. Minor, Daly's manager, took the opposite view. "A theatrical manager," he said, "has the power to exclude anyone from his theatre, even if he has purchased a ticket."

"I will even go so far as to say that if I were a crank and had taken an unreasonable dislike to a man, I believe I could refuse him admittance without a word of explanation, and without the possibility of an action lying against me."

## IRVING'S FAREWELL TOUR.

Seventeen Towns Will Be Visited and Famous  
Plays Acted by the Veteran.

Next Monday Sir Henry Irving starts on a provincial tour to seventeen towns, in which, according to his present intention, the great actor-manager will make his farewell appearances.

His repertoire will consist of Lord Tennyson's "Becket," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Lyons Mail," "Louis XI.," "The Bells," and "Waterloo."

Here are the towns and the dates on which the veteran will appear:—

Portsmouth	Theatre Royal	Jan. 23
Souhampton	Grand Theatre	" 24
Boscombe	Grand Theatre	Feb. 2
Plymouth	Theatre Royal	" 6
Exeter	Theatre Royal	" 13
Bath	Theatre Royal	" 16
Wolverhampton	Grand Theatre	" 20
Banley	Theatre Royal	" 23
Sheffield	Lyceum Theatre	" 27
Bradford	Theatre Royal	March 4
Hull	Grand Theatre	" 13
Harrrogate	Opera House	" 20
Bury	Theatre Royal	" 23
Leeds	Theatre Royal	" 27
Preston	Theatre Royal	" 30
Southport	Opera House	April 9
Wigan	Theatre Royal	" 9

## PRINCE'S LOVING-CUP.

The handsome silver loving-cup, presented to Lincoln's Inn by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in commemoration of his year of office as treasurer, is now gracing the tables of that honourable society at their Term dinners.

## MAN THE GALLOWS

### THRICE REFUSED.

John Lee, the Babbacombe Murderer, Will Be Released  
on Monday.

### THRILLING STORY.

John Lee, the man whom the gallows refused three times for the Babbacombe Bay murder, will be released from prison on Monday, after serving fifteen years' penal servitude.

His is a story without a parallel in our criminal records.

Rather more than twenty years ago Miss Keyse was done to death at beautiful Babbacombe under circumstances of peculiar brutality.

The evidence against John Lee was overwhelming, but he never flinched from the assertion of his innocence.

When, at Exeter Assizes, Mr. Justice Manisty assumed the black cap and pronounced the terrible sentence of doom Lee still did not waver. He maintained an extraordinary calm.

"The reason, my Lord," he said, "why I am so calm is because I trust in my God, and He knows that I am innocent."

With these solemnly dramatic words the condemned man left the dock.

#### The Prisoner's Dream.

The night before that fixed for his execution Lee had a curious dream. It was that an attempt was made to hang him and that the attempt was abortive.

The following morning he stood upon the scaffold.

The executioner pulled the fatal lever. The bolt flew back, but the condemned man still stood over the unyielding trap!

A shudder went through the governor of the gaol and all the officials.

The bolt was again pulled back, but the wretched man stood there still, though a convulsive movement shook his body.

Once again the effort was made. This time it amounted to something like a struggle between the hangman and the refractory engine of death.

But the result was always the same.

The white cap being taken from Lee's face, he gazed wildly round upon the world which he had thought to have quitted. It is probable that no such scene will be witnessed again in our history.

At the last attempt, for twelve minutes it appeared as if the gallows must win! The body of the prisoner shook from side to side, and when at length the attempt to hang him was abandoned, it seemed that he must die ere he could be removed to his condemned cell.

The under-sheriff, almost as pale as Lee, gasped out, "Lead him away!"

He was half led, half carried, back to the cell, and a few days afterwards Sir William Harcourt stated in the House of Commons that it had been decided to reprieve the prisoner.

And this is the man who on Monday will step into the free of our country.

Free? Ay, but no doubt the wreck of a man; a man to whom it must appear as if the world of free and glorious humanity is but a chimera of his brain.

## CONSTABLES IN THE DOCK.

Manchester Market Police Accused of Robbing  
Stall-keepers.

Further investigation was made at Manchester yesterday into the charges of theft against eight Manchester constables.

For the past eighteen months there has been a succession of robberies from market tenants' stalls at Shudehill Market, and these, it is now alleged, were due to a conspiracy between the eight policemen and William Kemp, who was himself the manager of a stall. Kemp, when arrested, made a statement implicating the constables.

All the men except two admitted the truth of Kemp's allegations, but these two explicitly denied having had any part in the robberies.

A city policeman gave evidence yesterday of interviews he had with some of the prisoners, who had sent him parcels of provisions, which, he said, had been given to him by a stallkeeper who was clearing out his stock.

A cartier described how he was sent by Kemp to his house and also to the houses of some of the market constables with bacon, provisions, and groceries on numerous dates.

The case was adjourned.

### KING'S KINDLY GIFT.

Applause greeted the announcement of the secretary at the annual meeting yesterday of the Royal Alfred Aged Merchant Seamen's Institution, that among the contributions received during the year was a donation of ten guineas from the King—a spontaneous subscription.

## VERONIQUE'S VOYAGE.

Coal-Prospecting Earl's Return Home  
Eagerly Awaited.

Excitement, not unmixd with anxiety, has been caused throughout Yorkshire, where Earl Fitzwilliam owns some important collieries and large estates, by the conflicting reports about the accident to his Lordship's expedition to Cocos Island.

Lady Fitzwilliam has not received any telegrams later than the one describing the accident. It is understood that her Ladyship, who is naturally anxious to hear the story from her husband's own lips, will go to Southampton on the 25th and await the Earl's arrival.

Meanwhile, in an interview with the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, Mr. Cecil Cowper, Earl Fitzwilliam's private secretary, said the original idea of the Earl was to make an extensive cruise among the islands in the neighbourhood of the Panama Canal and prospect for coals.

"The Xema was first purchased, but she was too small, and in October the Harlech Castle—registered as the Veronique—was purchased. She could not possibly reach Panama until the middle of December. It is clear then that the original idea of a cruise could not be carried out, as the Earl had to be back in England at the beginning of February."

"He arrived at Panama on December 21 and had about three weeks of his disposal. Where the Veronique went during that time and exactly what happened Earl Fitzwilliam, will no doubt explain himself when he arrives next week. The yacht is now for sale."

It is well known that Admiral Palliser has been an enthusiast about treasure-hunting on Cocos Island for years, and the relatives and friends of Earl Fitzwilliam believe that when the Veronique was at Panama he proposed to the Earl that Cocos Island should be prospected.

## ADMIRAL'S SON ENGAGED.

Approaching Wedding Recalls a Strange Story  
of the Sinking of the Victoria.

The engagement of the Hon. Averil Vivian to Captain George Tryon, the only son of the late Admiral Tryon, which is announced ten days after the wedding of her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Alexander Leitch, recalls the strange story of the way Lady Tryon heard of the death of her husband in the disaster to the flagship Victoria in 1893.

At the time of the accident she was giving a musical party, and was congratulated by several people on the return of her husband. They said he did not look very well, but she must be very pleased to have him back.

Lady Tryon denied that he was there, but her guests insisted that they had seen him. Early next morning she heard the news of the terrible tragedy which had occurred the previous night.

## "MRS. DERING'S DIVORCE."

Mrs. Langtry in the Character of Injured Wife  
in Light Comedy.

Mr. Leonard Boyne would make the fortune of any play. He is so charming, so good-natured, so happy-go-lucky, that a part in his hands is "made," however little the author may have put into it.

In this case the author, Mr. Percy Fendall, has done his share of the work well. The play is light and bright and amusing. The people are reasonably real, though, of course, their foibles are exaggerated. The dialogue is natural and often witty.

Mr. Boyne is the husband of Mrs. Dering, a careless, spendthrift, not too faithful husband, of whom at last his wife has wearied. She is a spendthrift, too; but she has her rich, fond mother to fall back upon, if only she can be persuaded to cut herself adrift from this undesirable husband.

So they agree to part; but, after thinking about new unions, each regrets the old life—quarrels, debts, and all—and in the end, decides to say, the curtain falls on a reconciliation, though one may wonder how long it will last.

Mrs. Langtry is a better actress than she was. She plays Mrs. Dering with a quiet humour which is quite attractive. The little piece is worth seeing, if only for Mr. Boyne's performance and for Mrs. Langtry's gown.

### M.P. ON "BEER-SWILLING."

Mr. A. B. Markham, Liberal M.P. for the Mansfield Division of Notts, speaking at a meeting of his constituents at Stanton Hill, said the chief occupation of Shirebrook, a coal-mining town of 5,000 inhabitants in his division, was that of "beer-swilling."

By actual inquiry he had found that there were no fewer than 787 people drinking at 9.30 on Saturday night, December 10. In one hotel alone there were 270 people, sixty of whom were women—many with babes in their arms.

A number of prominent yacht-owners met at Glasgow yesterday to protest against the Admiralty's proposal to lay up obsolete warships in the Firth of Forth and Holy Loch.



## ENRAGED EMPEROR.

How Chang Yen Mao Seeks to Regain His Buttons.

## PICTURESQUE PLAINTIFF.

Western and Eastern civilisation met face to face in Chancery Court H. yesterday. Western civilisation, in the shape of seven of the most polished and eloquent King's counsel that Chancery can produce; Eastern civilisation, in the shape of His Excellency Chang Yen Mao, Imperial Director of Mines of China by gracious former permission of the Chinese Emperor; mandarin, formerly of many buttons, but now, unfortunately, of not so many; ex-kow-tow to the German Emperor.

Chang went on to the Judges' bench, confronted the K.C.s blandly from a chair, and told his piteous story in the choicest Chinese.

As was only due to the dignity of a mandarin of such former high rank, his evidence was interpreted by a titled gentleman—Sir Walter Hillier.

Mr. Levett, K.C., had previously outlined Chang's history and plaint in a sketchy opening that lasted an hour and a half sheet of two days. He had told how Chang was once head of a Chinese mining company that allowed itself to be transferred to "foreign devils" for safety during the Boxer rising. And how, when the Boxer question became less acute, Chang could not get his mines back again, or the equivalent that he claimed.

### Appassing the Imperial Wrath.

But the most pathetic part of Mr. Levett's opening was when he described the degradation that came upon Chang when he lost his mines. The Chinese Emperor was very angry, and seems to have taken away almost all of Chang's buttons and other distinctions.

Chang was ordered to get his mines back within two months or—

Mr. Levett left the Court to imagine the awful consequences—something with melted lead or boiling oil in turn, the Court inferred. So Chang presented a humble petition to his Emperor, begging to be allowed to go to London and try his luck in Chancery. For this purpose he craved the Emperor to restore him to mandarin rank to the modest extent of a "button of the third degree."

This was presumably the red button that crowned Chang's artistic "tout ensemble" as he sat by the Judge, glorious to behold. He had also in his cap a diamond, approaching Koh-i-noor dimensions, and an immense pearl.

There was much excited interest about how Chang would take the oath. Rumours were afloat in court that a mandarin who held so many buttons would break; not an insignificant cancer, but something proportionate to his rank, such as a washing-basin.

### The Mandarin's Story.

As a matter of fact, Chang broke nothing. He merely waved his right hand aloft and cried:

"Oo! Oo! chee chi, ching, nung shoo!" The process evidently gave him great pleasure, for his intellectual face was covered with a radiant smile—almost as radiant as the brilliant that twinkled in his cap.

Then he told the Court, through the interpreter, that his coal company was promoted in the fourth year of the reign Kwang Su. This worked out at twenty-six years ago.

He almost moved the Court to tears when he told how "foreign devils" came to him four days running with documents that he did not want to sign.

After this Chang gave an ocular demonstration of a Chinese gesture of contempt, which he alleged was used by one of the "foreign devils" during the negotiations. Then the Court adjourned, laughing, but a little shocked.

## BID FOR A MARQUIS.

London Pantomime Wants the Marquis of Anglesey at a Princely Salary.

In the heyday of his prosperity the Marquis of Anglesey glittered in the glare of the footlights, and his jewels were the talk of two continents.

Now an attempt is being made to induce his Lordship to take himself seriously and appear in a London pantomime at the princely salary of £150 a week.

The enterprising management which seeks to achieve this—the very latest in theatrical sensations—is the directorate of "The Babes in the Wood" pantomime now playing to delighted houses at the Grand Theatre, Islington.

A letter has been dispatched to the jewel-conscious peer craving his gracious consideration of an offer to appear in a specially-written part for the remainder of the pantomime's run, and praying for his Lordship's favourable reply.

The rôle the Marquis is asked to adopt is that of a stage millionaire, who acts the part of a public benefactor distributing gold and jewels with an unsparring hand.

But where is this glittering scion of the nobility? Trace of his Lordship's whereabouts faded with the dispersal of his pretty gems under the hard hammer of the auctioneer, but it was currently reported some time ago that the Marquis was seeking solace at Dinard.

## FRANCE AND THE "SLAVE."

Interviewed by the "Matin," His Portrait Will Appear in Many French Journals.

Our "slave" has achieved almost a European reputation.

France especially is taking a keen interest in him and his doings as recorded in the *Daily Mirror*. To the Gallic mind, quick to sympathise with the unfortunate, his sad story has appeared in a remarkable manner.

The Parisian boulevards are talking about

## GRIM MYSTERY.

What Is the Dread Secret of the Haslemere Skeleton?

## SUICIDE THEORY.

What is the story of the summer's day tragedy of which the skeleton discovered near Haslemere affords grim proof?

At present even the identity of the victim remains a mystery. The skeleton is that of a man—possibly elderly, for many of the upper teeth are missing. Beside it was found a revolver and a purse of gold. Close to a mound hard by lay a silver-mounted umbrella.

These discoveries give indication, as does the good quality of the clothes, that it was a man holding a good position in life, who came to his end within a short distance of Alkworth, where the late Lord Tennyson spent his declining years.

Blackdown, near the summit of which the skeleton was found, looks out over some of the most beautiful country in all England. Here, one day last summer—such is the theory of those who are seeking to reconstruct the story as far as the slender evidence permits—came a man who had determined to take his life, for the supposition that he committed suicide receives more support than the belief that he was the victim of foul play.

The chief clues on which the West Sussex police are working are a railway ticket, bearing the number 10, and a word that appears to be "Levisham," and the names on the boots—Barnard and Co., Lee.

Yesterday afternoon a gentleman from Rowlands Castle, near Havant, Hampshire, called at Haslemere Police Station and said he believed the dead man to be an elderly and well-connected friend of his who has been missing since April last.

This friend was of highly-strung temperament, and of pronounced literary tastes. The spot possibly possessed a peculiar fascination for him from its proximity to Tennyson's old home, and here he may have come to commit suicide.

## SUGGESTIONS FOR NEW ARMY CAPS.



The Army Council have adopted a new "walking out" cap for the use of soldiers when off duty. Above are a few suggestions for new shaped Army headgear drawn by a "Daily Mirror" reader.

"*l'esclave du Daily Mirror*" over their absinthie. There are even demands that he shall be invited to Paris to be pitted at close quarters.

A special correspondent of the "Matin," M. Jules Hedeman, has had an interview with him, and his portrait is to appear in several journals.

In the meantime, he is eagerly looking forward to Monday next, when he is to begin work on his trial as a dairy foreman.

## MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S CHEQUE.

For an alleged fraud on Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the Westminster magistrate yesterday remanded Joseph Smith and his wife, Lily.

Evidence was given that the woman called for letters at a newspaper shop and obtained one containing a cheque for £1 from Mr. Chamberlain. This had been sent in response to a request for assistance in obtaining a situation.

The woman denied writing the letter, and her husband admitted that he had done so, using the name of "E. Strange."

Mr. Paul Taylor, formerly magistrate at Southwark, was cordially welcomed on taking his seat for the first time at Marylebone yesterday.

Mr. H. Lewis was blown a considerable distance and severely burnt in a gas explosion which wrecked the lower part of his house in Boundaries-road, Baltham.

## BUILDER'S SPECULATION.

Says All He Got for the Payment of Siberian Goldfields Shares Was One Lunch.

His speculation in Siberian Goldfields shares turning out unsatisfactorily, Mr. Thomas Preston, a Burnley master builder, in the King's Bench Division yesterday sought damages against Mr. Percy Heffer, of Berners-street, W., for alleged misrepresentation.

Calling upon Mr. Heffer for some paperhangers, the defendant told Mr. Preston that he knew Mr. Hooley and could put him on "a good thing." He could get 500 Siberian Goldfields shares at 12s. each, and would let Mr. Preston have half of them.

Subsequently Mr. Preston, it was said, was induced to write out a cheque for the shares on a piece of notepaper.

The defendants then went off in a cab to the bank to pay in the cheque, and all the defendant ever got, it was said, in return for the money was a lunch.

The hearing was adjourned.

Colonel Moody, C.B., who served with distinction in the Zulu, Chitral, North-West Frontier, Malakand Pass, and South African campaigns, vacates the command of the 2nd Royal Irish Fusiliers to-day.

## IMPORTUNATE PRISONER.

Dragged from the Dock After Frenzied Appeals to the Judge.

There was a long-suffering expression on Mr. Justice Darling's face yesterday when Henry Lewis Jacobs, a tailor, was brought before him at the Old Bailey to answer a charge of threatening to murder his wife.

Twice already during the sessions Jacobs had taken up the time of the Court by absurd and irrelevant statements in applying for legal aid. Directly he entered the dock yesterday he said he wished to defend himself, as his solicitor and counsel were in league with other barristers.

The Judge (sharply): Don't talk nonsense. Prisoner (impudently): My dear sir? Sir, please allow me—

The Judge: Listen to the indictment, or I will have you removed and kept until the next sessions.

Prisoner: Oh, my lord, don't have me removed. Jacobs persisted in interrupting the reading of the indictment by importuning the Judge, and finally his Lordship ordered the prisoner to be removed for the attendance of Dr. Scott, of Brixton Prison. When this witness arrived he gave it as his opinion that the prisoner was insane.

On hearing this Jacobs threw up his arms with a dramatic gesture, and appeared so overcome that the warders sprang forward to prevent him from falling.

"Oh, my lord, I declare I am as sane as any man here," he cried impudently.

Ultimately the jury found that the prisoner was not fit to plead, and the Judge ordered him to be detained during the King's pleasure.

Jacobs struggled violently with the warders, and had to be dragged from the dock.

## IMPRISONED IN MANY LANDS.

Prosecutor Makes Remarkable Admissions as to His Own Past.

Some remarkable admissions were made under cross-examination yesterday by a traveller in the wine trade, named Giovanni Rebuffo, who was prosecutor at Bow-street on a charge of attempted murder against Antonio Allisio, an Italian cook.

Allisio is alleged to have stabbed Rebuffo after accosting him late at night in Arthur-street, Bloomsbury. The two men had been acquainted for some time.

Two months ago they had fought together, but Rebuffo denied that he had ever threatened to kill Allisio.

Mr. Wilson (for the defence): Were you imprisoned in Italy for taking a man's life?

Rebuffo: No; it was in Paris.

Were you sentenced to three years' imprisonment in Paris for an act of violence?—Yes; robbery.

Were you afterwards sentenced to fifteen years' solitary confinement in Italy?—No, it was only twelve and a half years. That was for highway robbery with violence.

Were you imprisoned in a convict establishment at Sardinia?—Yes, at several places. Allisio was committed for trial.

## DANGERS OF POLICE WORK.

Twenty per Cent. of the Metropolitan Force Are Victims of Assaults.

Much emphasis was laid on the dangers of the policeman's life by Mr. Blanchard Wontner, who was prosecuting for the Commissioner of Police, in a case at Marylebone yesterday.

A young shoemaker named Albert Harrison had violently assaulted two constables. Threatening to cripple one of them for life, he gave him two terrible kicks, with the result that the constable has been on the sick list for several weeks.

Mr. Wontner said such assaults were getting extraordinarily frequent. In 1893 there were no fewer than 2,728 cases in which the police were assaulted, the constables injured representing twenty per cent. of the whole force.

Mr. Paul Taylor said that, as a deterrent to others, he would sentence Harrison to five months' hard labour.

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## LAZY CLERKS.

Indignant Letters—Clerks of All Classes Repudiate the Stigma.

## OVERTIME GRIEVANCE.

Are clerks lazy and inefficient?

In the *Daily Mirror* on Tuesday morning we published an interview with a well-known manufacturer in the City and another with an official in the London Chamber of Commerce.

Both agreed in expressing the opinion that, speaking generally, English-born clerks are unsatisfactory. They held that a considerable lack of enthusiasm and grit is shown by clerks in office work, and a lack of ambition to learn shorthand, typewriting, and foreign languages and so fit themselves for superior positions.

Girls and foreigners, they declared, are the best and most reliable clerks for the less important work.

Hundreds of letters have been written to us by clerks of all classes, some protesting against this stigma; scores partly agreeing, but calling for an opportunity to prove their worth.

One paramount grievance on the side of the clerks is the fact that they are asked to do overwork without overtime payment.

## ONE OF THE "LAZY."

According to the paragraph headed "Lazy Clerks," in the *Daily Mirror*, I am one of them because I do not know shorthand and typewriting.

What I want to know is when and how am I to learn these subjects?

I leave home every morning about 8.30, arriving at the office (estate agent's) about 9.30, which I do not leave until between 7.0 and 7.30, although the business closes at 6.0.

On arriving home I study, generally well into the night, a correspondence course in electrical engineering.

A JUNIOR CLERK.

## ILLOGICAL AND RIDICULOUS.

There are two sides to this question. A more illogical, selfish, and ridiculous statement than that made by "Manufacturer" I have never heard. I honestly believe that the reason most clerks are so anxious for closing time to come is because they are sweated, bullied, heckled, and worried during the day.

Most clerks are obliged to dress well. If a man applied to "Manufacturer" for a situation, and he was slovenly and carelessly dressed, would "Manufacturer" engage him? I fancy not.

I notice the remark that clerks will not do a stroke more work than they are obliged to. No, sir, and "Manufacturer" will not pay his clerks a penny more than he is obliged to.

It is such men as "Manufacturer" who make business what it is: a ceaseless drudgery! Let him try a few Chinamen.

LIBRARIUS.

## QUITE A HANDY MAN.

For two years I was with my late employers as general clerk, salesman, stockkeeper, porter, pucker, manager's representative, very often as gasfitter and carpenter, at the handsome salary of 28s. weekly, out of which I had to pay sundry expenses, 7s. to 10s. weekly, repaid on Saturday. I have a good knowledge of French, passed certain examinations, and have several foreign "merit" certificates. I have tried every way for months to obtain employment, without success.

NOT AFRAID OF WORK.

## GIDDY GIRLS NEED NOT APPLY.

REQUIRED, intelligent shorthand-typist (Yost). Commencing salary 17s. 6d. week. Good education important, but giddy girls who read only novels and have little general information need not apply.—Address

This advertisement, cut from the "Daily Telegraph," is decidedly candid, to say the least of it.

CHARLES B. JAMES.

## "WE DON'T TAKE SOLDIERS."

I am an ex-gunner of the Royal Artillery, have served abroad in India and through the late campaign in South Africa.

I have had a fair education, am a ready penman, and pride myself on being alert, industrious, ambitious, and possessed of common sense.

On completing my period of service, after going through a series of hardships, I managed to get a vacancy as clerk in a Government establishment, where I have remained for ten years, less three served in South Africa during the war.

The rate of pay and the prospects of future advancement are small.

I have tried for other vacancies outside, but the employer still says, "Very sorry, but we do not take soldiers."

May I venture to suggest that the aforementioned gentlemen and other employers might do much worse than trying some of us.

W. C.

## INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

Nearly 2,000 looms are standing idle in Ashton-under-Lyme and district for want of weavers.

The destroyer *Flint*, belonging to the Portsmouth flotilla, returned there yesterday with one of her engines seriously disabled.

There are now in England and Wales 380 inspectors appointed under the Shop Hours Acts, of whom nineteen are women.

Islington Borough Council will petition the Home Secretary to provide a Bill for the establishment of separate courts to deal with all cases in which children are concerned.

## PROFICIENT AFTER FOUR YEARS.

Miss May Emmett, of Blackburn, who is only sixteen years of age, has secured the diploma of licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music.

Her achievement is the more remarkable, inasmuch as four years ago she was entirely ignorant of music.

## IS BUTTER TUBERCULOUS?

Interesting experiments are now in progress at the Cheshire County Council's dairy institute at Worleston, near Nantwich.

Professor Delapine is analysing butter and cheese made from the milk of tuberculous cows to ascertain whether there contains germs of the tubercle, and, if so, to what extent.

## HISTORY OF GREAT CITIES.

In the Horniman Museum, Forest Hill, Professor Geddes, of St. Andrews University, will next Saturday morning deliver the first of what should prove an exceptionally interesting series of ten lectures.

"Great Cities: Their Place in Geography, and

The postal authorities are about to commence a motor-mail service between Warwick and Birmingham.

On Tuesday next Lord Monckswell will be presented with a portrait of himself by the Hon. John Collier, subscribed for by members of the L.C.C.

The Board of Education will lend the etchings and books by Mr. Whistler in the Victoria and Albert Museum to the forthcoming Whistler Memorial Exhibition at the New Gallery.

## CONVICT SHIP'S CAPTAIN.

At Exmouth yesterday Captain Nottingham, of the convict ship which was on exhibition at London Bridge some time ago, was presented by the Royal Humane Society with a vellum testimonial for saving life at Exmouth last month.

Captain Nottingham plunged into the dock to rescue a woman who had accidentally fallen in.

## CELLULOID MONEY.

In a few weeks' time there will be circulating in London a number of celluloid "coins," coloured blue and red, the former being worth 1d., the latter 1s.

An elaborate device will indicate that these tokens are issued by the London County Council for the purpose of being exchanged for tramway tickets.

## DANGERS OF SHUNTING.

Greater care in shunting operations and stricter adherence to the rules provided is recommended by Lieutenant-Colonel Donop in his report on the collision between a shunting engine and a train at London Bridge last November, when twenty persons were injured.

By a curious coincidence traffic was stopped for

## TO-DAY'S WEDDING.



Mrs. Arden Birch, daughter of the late Major Stopford, R.E., and Mrs. Stopford, of Hampton Court Palace, and Viscount Barrington, who are to be married at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, this afternoon.

Their Relation to Human Development," is the title of this course, given under the auspices of the London County Council.

In his first lecture Professor Geddes will discuss the origin of cities, and subsequently he will trace their development from Thebes and Nineveh to Birmingham and Paris.

## MANX COASTGUARD STATIONS.

Three coastguard stations are to be established in the Isle of Man; one at Peel, on the west coast; one at Point Cranstar, near the north of the island; and one on Spanish Head, on the south coast.

Work on the Peel station is already commenced, and the others will be undertaken shortly.

## LIVES IN A COW-SHED.

Swansea Rural District Council is in some difficulty over a woman who persists in living in a cow-shed.

Though owning the freehold of several acres of land, this eccentric old lady refuses to leave or rebuild the shed, and it is feared she will have to be forcibly ejected from a dwelling which the local inspector has condemned as insanitary.

## GREAT HUNTER'S DRAMATIC DEATH.

Mr. Harry Johnston, a well-known big game hunter, has died in Africa under the most dramatic circumstances.

While elephant shooting in Rhodesia, Mr. Johnston came to such close quarters that he was tossed by the infuriated animal.

With his last round of ammunition Mr. Johnston shot the elephant, and hunter and hunted fell dead side by side.

several hours at Leicester yesterday owing to a mineral train fouling the points during shunting operations.

## THE CATCH OF DECEMBER.

Statistics issued yesterday by the Fisheries Board show that over 900,000 hundredweights of fish, value £543,765, were caught last month on the English and Welsh coasts.

Compared to December, 1903, when the catch totalled £552,930, last month's figures show a decrease of nearly £10,000, probably due to the stormy weather.

## REFUSED TO BE BATHED.

Inquiry is being made by the guardians of Aylsham, Norfolk, as to the whereabouts of a man named Mason.

Some months ago this man was admitted to the workhouse with his wife and four children, but on being informed that a bath was obligatory Mason immediately left, taking his family with him.

A few weeks later his wife returned to the union with her children, but without her husband, who deserted his family while on the road.

## POPULAR MASTER OF HOUNDS.

Intense enthusiasm was excited at the meeting of the North Cotswold Hunt, at Broadway, Worcestershire, yesterday, when Mr. Charles McNeill, who recently resigned the mastership, consented to accept that office for another year.

As showing the extraordinary efforts made to keep Mr. McNeill, it may be mentioned that some supporters offered double subscriptions, others increased theirs, while, what is probably unique, even farmers offered to subscribe if Mr. McNeill stayed.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's

"Daily Mirror."

## ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

## A THRILLING STORY ILLUSTRATED.

On page 1 will be found a complete series of illustrations of one of the most dramatic stories of real life that have ever come to light.

Mrs. Holden, its heroine, of whom a portrait appears at the top of the page, came back from death to life in the most extraordinary manner.

Given up for dead alike by the doctor and her husband, she was actually being measured for her coffin when the undertaker, whose portrait is also given, noticed a slight twitching of her eyelids; and, though he was at first frightened, he quickly recovered his presence of mind and took measures to restore the supposed dead woman's suspended animation.

A remarkable feature of this wonderful case is the fact that the third time Mrs. Holden has been left for dead.

## A SUPERANNATED BATTLE FLEET.

There is the same sort of pathetic interest attaching to the pictures of some of our discarded battleships, which appear on pages 8 and 9, as belongs to Turner's famous picture of "The Fighting Temeraire being towed to her last berth."

The enormous fleet which has just been condemned by the British Admiralty as useless in time of war, and ordered to be sold out of the service, includes no fewer than 130 vessels of all sizes, which are being collected at Portsmouth, as our pictures show, into what may be termed the "second-hand navy department," to await purchasers.

## AN ABANDONED VESSEL NEAR SHANKLIN.

All the crew of the French ketch *Gloire de Marie*, which is seen in the picture reproduced on page 8, were drowned while attempting to reach the shore in a small boat. The ketch was struck by the gale off Shanklin, and though her crew succeeded in bringing her to an anchorage in Street Bay, Lucombe, close by, they feared the tremendous force of the seas would destroy their vessel, and abandoned her.

It is a typical instance of the irony of fate that while of the crew of five not one was saved, the boat they abandoned in order to save their lives still lies safely in her two anchors, as our photograph, taken long after she was left to her own devices, plainly shows.

## NEW WORK FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.

Work has been found for fifty of the unemployed of the western and north-western boroughs of the metropolis on the new boulevard that is being made from the Victoria Memorial, in front of Buckingham Palace, across the Green Park to Piccadilly.

In our photograph on pages 8-9 a gang of the men is seen at work excavating a trench for the necessary drainage and other pipes.

## THE YOUNGEST L.R.A.M.

Miss May Emmett, of Blackburn, has just obtained a distinction which is unique for a girl of her age. At sixteen years of age she has gained the diploma of Licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music.

It is astonishing to discover that when, only four years ago, Miss Emmett commenced her studies she was ignorant of a note of music. Her rapidity of progress is the more remarkable, considering how short but already distinguished musical career. The examination she had to pass to gain the L.R.A.M. is a most difficult one, including harmony, analysis of form, ornamentation, fingering, sight-reading, and mechanism of the piano.

## M.P.'S LIFE STRUGGLE.

Unemployed and Starving, He Has Tramped the Streets in Search of Work.

That he was one of seven, five children and a father and mother, living in a little back room in Sherbet-street, Poplar, is the first recollection of Mr. Will Crooks, Poplar's famous working-man M.P.

"One Boxing Day, he says in his autobiography in 'M.A.P.', were ordered to stay in bed while mother went out to get a meal for us. Heaven knows how. And then came the workhouse, the bitterest experience of his life.

Before he was out of his apprenticeship to a cooper he married and had a child, and knew what it was to tramp the streets for work. One night a man, as "broke" as himself, gave him twopenny. He well remember the terrible temptation to station to take a tram-ride home with part of the money.

"Do I regret those mornings," he concludes, "when I used to wake up and say to myself, 'God help me, what shall I do to-day? Where shall I go for work? Where can I get a bob?'"

Well, if I should ever think of them, I do not altogether regret them. Adversity is a mighty rough school, but its pupils learn some pretty useful lessons."



## NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—  
2, CARMELITE-STREET,  
LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.

## Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1905.

## FAR BEHIND THE TIMES.

"WITH my own property I can do as I please." In these words one of the richest of the Westphalian coal-mine owners has summed up his view of the great strike that is now going on in Germany.

They sound like an echo from the middle ages. They grate curiously upon modern ears, as if someone had proposed to revive the examination of witnesses by torture or the mediæval rights which overlords claimed over the bodies and souls of their vassals. Herr Stinnes is, no doubt, quite sincere in his belief that he can do as he pleases with his own. His trouble is that he is centuries behind his age.

It is hard to believe that anyone can now put forward this ridiculous, antiquated doctrine seriously. One of the bed-rock conditions upon which society is now based is the condition that a man cannot do as he likes with his own. The old idea that property was inviolate, that one man could defy the community, that the interests of the many were to be subordinated to the convenience or the prejudices of the few, has been laughed out of the modern mind.

Owners of property are merely trustees for the community. If they fail in their trusteeship the community will not hesitate to take their property away. It has gone a good long way in that direction already. When railways began to be made in England there were still many landowners who held to the old theory that they could do as they liked with their own. They disliked change, and refused in their wooden-headed way to let railways run across their lands.

Said the community, "This will never do. We cannot have Progress held up by a few stupid people who think that God made the world for their special benefit. We must take their lands at a fair valuation whether they like it or not." Nowadays it would be useless for any property-owner, either in town or country, to stand out against giving up his property if it were wanted for a public improvement. It would simply be taken from him and a cheque for it sent in course of post.

No argument in favour of the Socialists' demand that land and mines shall be turned into public property could be stronger than the sentiment, "Can I not do as I like with my own?"

## AN 'OBJECTIONABLE PERSON'

An interesting question has been raised by the New York theatrical managers. They have decided that they will no longer admit to their theatres a critic named Metcalfe, whom they accuse of malicious criticism.

When the "Duchess of Dantzic" company, from the Lyric Theatre, London, made its first appearance this week, Mr. Metcalfe presented himself with a ticket which he had bought in the ordinary way. He was refused admission as an "objectionable person," and had to go away. Of course, he means to bring an action against the theatre.

Americans generally are inclined to think that anyone who has bought a ticket is entitled to a seat so long as he is not objectionable to the rest of the audience—drunk, for instance, or unpleasantly dirty. This view seems to us to be perfectly sound. By offering seats to the public at large theatre managers bar themselves from objecting to admit people with whom they happen to have a personal quarrel.

If they said, "All applicants for tickets must attend between the hours of ten and four and be examined as to their physical and moral fitness," then they could weed out whom they pleased. Also, they can decline, as Mr. Bourchier did in Mr. Walkley's case, to admit the holder of a complimentary ticket. But goods sold in open market must be delivered whoever buys them, and we imagine the same rule holds in respect of tickets for the play.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Tendency is the usual characteristic of youth, as prudence is of old age.—*Cicero*.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND, who is, so many people think, the most beautiful of all our Duchesses, was seen looking her best at the opening of the Grantham Industrial Exhibition yesterday. She is now the mistress of Welbeck Abbey, one of the finest houses in Eng-

land, and the wife of one of the richest Englishmen. Yet she was simply a Miss Winifred Dallas-Yorke before her marriage, and the story of so great a change in her estate is a romantic one. She first met her future husband in a country-house in Scotland, but he had determined to marry her before ever speaking to her at all.

The train which carried them both to their Scotch friends was delayed at a wayside station. There was scarcely anyone on the platform, in such a solitary little place, and the Duke of Portland could not fail to notice the beautiful Miss Dallas-Yorke walking up and down. When he got back into the train he said to a friend, "I must find out who that girl is, for I mean to marry her." And marry her he did, in spite of the fact that he could have chosen a bride from one of the proudest families in the kingdom.

The general public is often well supplied with information about the families of famous men. But about Mr. Chamberlain's family it knows very little indeed. The daughter whom he has just lost was as little familiar to the world as her three sisters. And how many people know that the ex-Colonial Secretary has another son as well as Mr. Austen Chamberlain? The last-named was the only son of his first wife, Miss Harriet Kenrick, who died now more than forty years ago. Her death was one of the greatest blows of Mr. Chamberlain's life, and for several years afterwards he felt the depression and loneliness resulting from it.

Mr. Chamberlain's second wife was a cousin of the first, Miss Florence Kenrick, and it was she who bore him his remaining five children—Mr. Neville Chamberlain and four daughters, of whom Mrs. Whitmore Richards has just died. Mr. Neville Chamberlain is a shrewd, business-like young man, and, as befits the son of one who does all things "imperially," has spent some time in the Colonies, particularly on his father's plantations in the Bahamas. Those who know him say he would have done well if he had been politically inclined. But he thinks two members of a family in public life is quite enough.

One of the most curious figures in contemporary literature is that of M. Jean Richepin, whose play on the beautiful Mme. du Barry is soon to be produced by Mrs. Brown-Potter at the Savoy. He is a poet of herculean build, with a complexion which looks as though it had been burnt by the African sun, under which he was born. A few years ago he came to England and gave a lecture at the Coronet Theatre. One felt drawn to him by his sincerity, by the fact that he had no notes to lecture from, and by the manner in which he fished up the morsel of sugar which lay at the bottom of his glass of water and sucked it vigorously in the midst of one of his most impassioned sentences.

Certainly it is not surprising that M. Richepin should have so little ceremony about him. He has, as a matter of fact, been something of a vagabond in real life. He started life by trying to teach; then became a professional wrestler at fairs, and developed his muscles to some purpose. After that he went "before the mast" in a trading vessel, and wrote verses during the night watches. Tiring of this, he followed a band of performing gipsies until one of the ladies of the company offered him her heart. Richepin knew that if he refused he would certainly be stabbed by the indignant lady, so he fled from her to Paris, and became from that moment merely a literary man.

One cannot think that the legal profession tends to promote urbanity. Judges especially spend their lives in the heat of argument, as is shown in the case of Mr. Justice Darling, who has just been having "an angry scene" with counsel. Mr. Justice Darling's powers of repartee, however, are fostered by this kind of exercise, and he has become one of the most amusing Judges on the bench. He is also one of our keenest sportsmen, and is devoted to fox-hunting. His tastes and talents have won him admirers in every class of life, and even a pickpocket who once stole his watch felt impelled to return it when he discovered who the owner was.

Examples of his Lordship's dry humour abound. One day a tedious counsel was explaining solemnly to him that certain dangerous trades ought to be controlled—for instance, gut-scraping. "Then, according to you, all violinists should be prosecuted," said the Judge. In the House of Commons, again, he once annoyed Sir William Hartcourt very much. It was Mr. Gladstone's custom to leave Sir William to lead the Party after the dinner-hour. Mr. Justice Darling's comment upon this was: "I have noticed that the Party opposite, adopting an ancient precedent, have set up a greater light to rule the day, and a lesser light to rule the night."

## IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

JANUARY 19.—Those cheery little fellows, the winter aconites, have made their appearance. It is a beautiful sight to see their buds rising out of the damp, cold ground, then opening spotless and golden.

Every garden should have a few of these roots. Perhaps they never look prettier than when growing under trees in masses. How like sunny-hearted boys they are; snowdrops resemble bashful maidens.

By the way, if winter aconites and snowdrops are gathered, they often fail to bloom the following year.

So the season of flowers has commenced. White and yellow are the colours now.

Christmas roses and snowdrops—primroses, jasmine, winter aconites. E. F. T.

## LAST NIGHT'S PLAY AT TERRY'S THEATRE.



The end of the first act of "Mrs. Dering's Divorce." Mrs. Langtry and Mr. Leonard Boyne, as the Derings, have decided to part, and take a last farewell by candlelight. The electricity has been cut off by an irate company who cannot get paid!

## A WOMAN OF THE HOUR.

Mrs. Langtry.

THE younger generation only know Mrs. Langtry, who opened at Terry's Theatre last night, as a woman who was in her time the most famous beauty in England. Those of us who can remember her as she was when she first came over from Jersey treasure a memory that can never fade.

For sheer physical loveliness there cannot have been many women to beat her in the whole history of the world. Society raved about her. Young Oxford, when she went up there for a commemoration in the 'seventies, fell at her feet. How she looked then one may see by Watt's portrait of her at that period, which is hanging in the exhibition at Burlington House just now.

Then she went on the stage—"to save herself from starvation," she says, for she had scarcely any income, and her husband neither provided her with that nor with anything else. Never has any first appearance created the same excitement. Never has any actress been fitted and mobbed as she was.

In those days she used to be followed by admiring crowds wherever she went. Any reception at which she was to be present was packed, while crowds waited outside to see her arrive. When she was in the Park people stood upon the chairs as she passed to get a better glimpse of her marvellous beauty.

On the stage she has made much money, but lost even more. Upon the Turf she has been, on the whole, lucky. Her daughter is married to a well-known, rich, and popular M.P. Surely Fate might let her enjoy now a period of rest and quiet after her meteor-like career.

But, no, whether it is that she cannot rest or whether there are financial reasons, she still keeps up the weary round of acting and management. Yet she is wonderfully brisk and even young-looking. Nature must have given her, along with her lovely face, a constitution that defies the rush of Time.

## THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Wit from Europe and America.

Madam: Your dog just bit my son. Lock him up and see if he develops hydrophobia.

"What! Do you think the little boy is mad?"—"Judge" (American).

Young Lady (preparing to pay cabby): What shall I give him, auntie?

Auntie: Just give him a shilling, and if he swears give him another sixpence.—"Punch."

"There goes a man who has a wonderful memory."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, he can remember the time when Port Arthur was first reported as being about to fall."—"New York Herald."

Gentleman: Can one not see the photograph of the girl with £10,000 a year?

Matrimonial Agent: That is not our custom. Above £5,000 we are never asked to show photographs.—"Père-Mélie" (France).

Young Housewife: Cook, please give us baked eggs for breakfast.

Cook: There isn't an egg in the house.

"Why, I told him to ask you."—"Lustiger Blätter" (German).

"Mr. Huggins asked me to marry him last night," said the blushing damsel.

"And what did you say?" asked her mother.

"Ask me!" said the astonished mother. "Why, you surely don't want your poor old mother to commit bigamy!"—"Chicago News" (American).

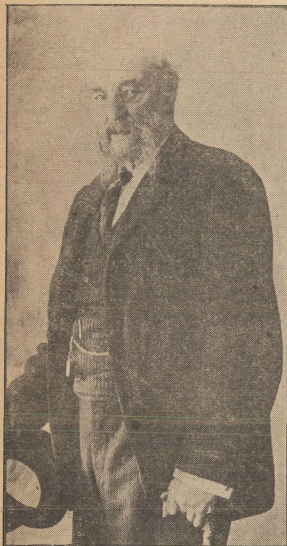




# NEWS-TOLD-IN-VIEWS



## KING'S ART MASTER.



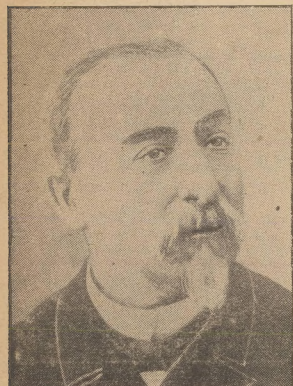
Mr. E. H. Corbould, who taught his Majesty drawing and has just died at the age of eighty-nine.

## ABANDONED KETCH.



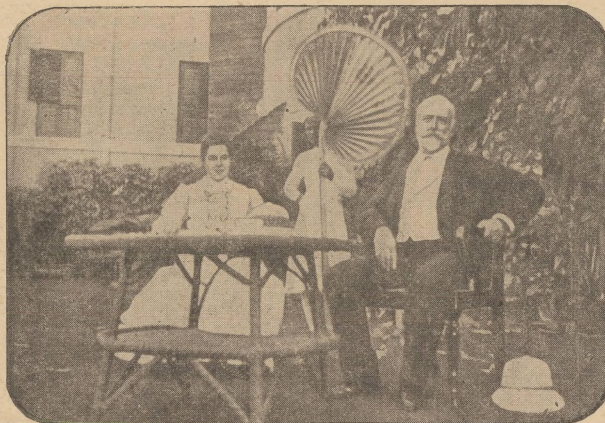
The French ketch *Gloire de Marie*, of Binie, which was caught in the gale off Shanklin and abandoned by her crew, who feared she would sink. All five were drowned, but the ketch is still safe, riding at anchor, as seen by the above photograph.—(Abbott.)

## M. COMBES,



Premier of France, who yesterday handed to M. Loubet the resignations of the members of the French Cabinet.

## THE GREAT REVIVAL MISSION: A LIVERPOOL



This photograph of Dr. Torrey, who, associated with Mr. Alexander, will conduct the coming great revival meetings in London, was taken in India during the missioner's tour of the world.—(By permission of the "Sunday Companion.")

## ROCK-SLIDE IN NORWAY.



Scene of the disaster on the Loenvand Lake, north of Bergen, Norway, where a mass of rock suddenly fell into the water, creating a tidal wave which drowned fifty-nine persons. The shores are strewn with the debris of ruined houses.

## UNEMPLOYED

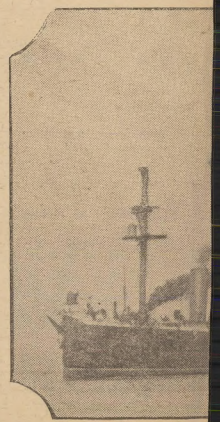


Out-of-works, who are now employed on the fore Buckingham Palace, across the Green.

## AN OUT-OF-DATE FLEET: COLLECTING BRITAIN'S CA



Some of the hundred and thirty obsolete warships which have been ordered by the Admiralty to be sold out of the service. This photograph shows the warships alongside the jetties at Portsmouth.



The famous old battleship *Victoria*, which was sold under the provisions of the Naval Act of 1906.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS OF



# MIRROR-CAMERA SNAPS

## CENE, AND THE MISSIONERS AND THEIR WIVES.



from Bolton to Liverpool to take part in the re-der held at the Tournament Hall. Remarkable scenes of people accompanied the excursionists to the sta-the "Glory Song."

## THE GREEN PARK.

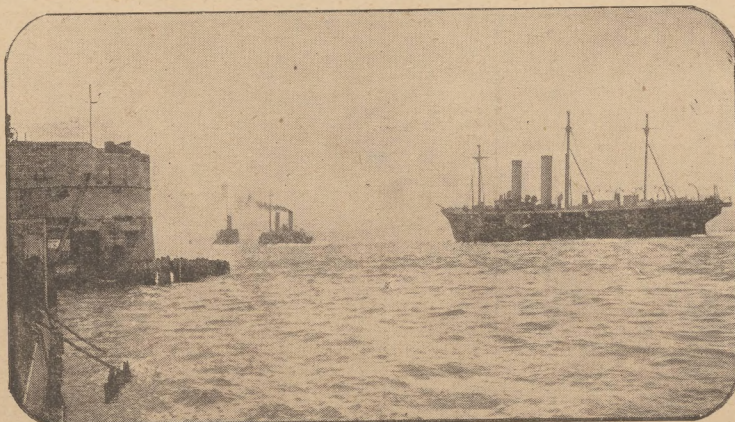


by boulevard running from the Victoria Memorial, be-Park to Piccadilly.—(Copyright: *Daily Mirror*.)

## TAWAY WARSHIPS TO BE SOLD OUT OF THE SERVICE.



Duke, one of the vessels super-new naval scheme.



H.M.S. Iris, at one time the handsomest warship in the British Navy, bei ng towed out of Portsmouth Harbour to the "marine stores."—(Photographs by Cribb, Southsea.)

THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 6.



An excellent photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander at home. Mrs. Alexander is a daughter of Mr. George Cadbury, the well-known cocoa and chocolate manufacturer.—(By permission of the "Sunday Companion.")

## JAPANESE CAPTURE RUSSIAN STORES.



Immense stores captured from the Russians by the Japanese now collected at Yen-tai.—(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly.")

## RUSSIAN OUTPOST.



Russian outpost scout who adopted the ingenious idea of climbing this tree and from his lofty position kept watch over the surrounding country.

## AN ARTIST OF PROMISE.



Miss May Emmett, a sixteen-year-old Blackburn girl, who has just obtained the highest distinction in England for pianoforte-playing — the diploma of licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music.—(Wyatt.)



**"FISH OUT OF WATER."**

France's Retiring Prime Minister,  
Whom Public Functions Bored.

**HOW HE WON HIS WIFE.**

He Now Returns to the Little Town Where  
He Was Once the Local Doctor.

What do Prime Ministers do when they give up their office? Mr. Gladstone used to study Homer and cut down trees. Lord Beaconsfield wrote novels. Lord Salisbury retired to his chemical laboratory.

M. Combes, who yesterday ceased to be Prime Minister of France, will go back to the little provincial town he came from, where his modest house still has on its door a brass plate announcing that it is the abode of "Dr. Combes, médecin."

There he will take up his private life again (though probably not his doctor's practice), half-glad, half-sorry to be so far away in his quiet haven from the excitement and worry of political Paris.

M. Combes's career as Premier has not been a happy one, for the reason that he fell heir to an unpopular policy. But there is one other reason. M. Combes is not a man of personal magnetism. Solid and stolid, he has that shyness of the man who wants to remain a student all his days.

He was the son of a humble workman with a large family, and had to fend for himself at an early age. In view of the desperate war he has waged against the Roman Catholic Church in France, it may seem a little strange to read that he at one time wore the cassock in a seminary—the cassock which he has done so much to make scarce. Some say he had a keen ambition to become a priest. He reflected, however, and became a doctor instead.

In his student days he achieved wonders, often studying as many as eighteen hours a day. Paris attracted him. He walked the hospitals. His ambition to get on took the form of inuring himself to the practice of doing with very little sleep, so that he could devote the time to study.

**STRANGE BETROTHAL.**

When he fell in love with the lady who is now his wife his prospects were of the vaguest. He lacked both money and position. She, on the other hand, had something like £2,000 as her dowry. He did not want to lose her, so he made a kind of sporting offer.

"If you promise to wait for me," he said, "I on my part will give you my word that I shall become the local doctor."

She agreed to wait, and Combes was as good as his word. He became the local doctor and won the wife who waited for him.

When he entered the hurly-burly of politics he clung to the student habit. Even during his Premiership his wife and family had considerable difficulty to induce him to accompany them to the theatre. Whenever he condescended to do so he invariably slipped out of the box after the first act; and when the family returned home they would find him studying his Russian grammar. M. Combes is a great student of languages. He carries out the maxim—"One is never too old to learn."

Great functions which, in his capacity of Premier, it was necessary that he should attend, always bored him. He was like a fish out of water. I have seen him on the racetrack at Longchamp lying back in his carriage with his hat well over his brow looking unutterably bored.

The man who has made a gallant effort to carry out his programme, whose one aim has been to ensure the safety of Republican institutions in France, will not be sorry to see once more the brass plate on his door at Pons. He will be able to sip his coffee and cognac, for which he has a weakness in peace, and pursue his student hobbies without fear of interruption.

**DICKENS'S PROTEST AGAINST ORGANS.**

The torture inflicted by the street musician is no new thing. Forty years ago Dickens suffered from it, and he and twenty-seven other representative artists and authors made a letter of protest against the infliction to Mr. Michael Bass, M.P., and thanked him for his endeavours to suppress the nuisance.

The letter, which bears the signatures of Tennyson, Millais, Holman Hunt, Carlyle, John Leech, and Wilkie Collins, runs:—

Your correspondents are daily interrupted, harassed, worried, wearied, and driven nearly mad by street musicians. They are even made special objects of persecution by brazen performers on brazen instruments, beaters of drums, grinders of organs, bangers of banjos, clashers of cymbals, and bellows of ballads; and for no sinner does it become known to those producers of horrible sounds that any of your correspondents have particular need of quiet in their own houses than the said houses are beleaguered by discordant hosts seeking to be bought off.

Things cannot have been much better than they are to-day, and as the protest says in another part:—"This unmerited persecution is none the less grievous or hard to bear because it is absurd."

**GIRLS WHO GET MARRIED.**

Those Who Stay at Home Have Little  
Chance of Matrimony.

When *Daily Mirror* readers first started writing to draw attention to the difficulty they experienced in finding suitable partners for married life it was noticeable that the greater number of the letters were from men and women well on in life, who, after a first experience of the married state, were only too anxious to try again.

Now the correspondence is practically confined to quite young people. A letter from a would-be Benedict, in which he said that he was searching for a "stay-at-home" girl who knew her domestic duties and had no wish to spend all her time in amusement, has emboldened a large number of these "stay-at-home" girls to write and draw attention to their lots.

Though they are far better suited for matrimony than their more socially inclined sisters, their chance of marriage is far less.

One letter, written from Cardiff, reveals how a girl who has taken trouble to fit herself for the care of a home, and has found herself passed over feels in her lonely life. The letter, which is signed "Only Disappointed," reads:—

At the age of twenty-seven I suppose I must give up all hopes of getting married. I have no chance of attracting the attention of any marrying man. When given my choice some years ago between going abroad, where I could acquire such social accomplishments as tamping the piano, singing more or less in tune, and not feeling cold with my shoulders bare, and staying at home and learning to manage a house, I chose to, as I thought, fit myself for matrimony.

My two sisters choose the social accomplishments, and though they know nothing of a woman's duties as manager of her husband's house or as a mother they are both married. I am neither married nor likely to be.

I have been told times without number that I am the best-looking of the three of us; but then I am "so uninteresting and so terribly domesticated," you see. They who want to get married had far better learn to sing than sew, dance than cook. If I had my choice again I would learn to be the most broken society woman imaginable, and give no thought to anything but scandal and frocks.

It does not raise the modern marrying man in one's estimation to hear of such cases.

**THE SINGLE LIFE DISCUSSED.**

"Stay-at-Home" wives would not be so hard to find if there were a few more stay-at-home husbands. ANOTHER STAY-AT-HOME GIRL. Bowes Park.

**TOO STAY AT HOME.**

I wish now I had been less of a "stop-at-home girl," and not bothered about "household management" (a sure sign apparently that you will never get one to manage), but enjoyed myself all day at golf, hockey, or tennis, dances and theatres. Then perhaps I should be married and not so utterly lonely as I am.

**A MISTAKEN LIVERPOOL GIRL.**

**MAKING THE BEST OF IT.**

For two years after my marriage I was really happy. Since then I have been parted from my wife and two children.

Now I intend to succeed in single life, but if ever it should fall to my lot to be able to get married again I would. There is no happiness like married happiness.

London, S.E. UNHAPPY MARRIED MAN.

**A MAN'S DIFFICULTY.**

Many men are bachelors solely because they are the creatures of circumstances. The stress of life is now so keen that a man must devote nearly the whole of his time and energy to his profession or business if he wishes to succeed.

Lots of men have consequently little opportunity of meeting the right woman. I for one would gladly say good-bye to the single life were I to meet her. W. York.

**LUCKY CORNWALL.**

I have been much amused with the many letters you have had both from the bachelors and spinsters. If the poor, lonely men who cannot find wives would only come down to Penzance they would soon be mated. There are plenty of domesticated girls here, and good-looking ones as well.

Should they fancy a girl, let them get to know the church she attends, and seek an introduction through the parson. PENZANCE. SNISTER No. 2.

**PLENTY OF FEMININE SOCIETY.**

I am only one of many who have come to London on business, and rather than live in apartments alone have chosen to live at a ladies' club.

The sociability is all that can be desired, and we have every advantage that books, music, and lectures can give; but, like Eve, we pine for the one "forbidden fruit," man, who, I need hardly say, is allowed to approach as far as the door, but no further.

I am a lively girl of twenty-five, but see no future but a humdrum life, following my profession until I can do so no longer, then to exist in apartments with the inevitable cat and parrot. BEAULISS.

**WIRELESS WAR NEWS.**

How the "Times" Sent Its War Correspondence from the Front.

"I am convinced that the 'Times' has been the first and last journal to use wireless telegraphy to report naval warfare."

That is the conclusion which Captain Lionel James, the "Times" war correspondent in the Far East has arrived at, and with which he concluded his lecture to the Society of Arts last night.

He based his opinion on the results which he obtained. They certainly justify his inference. No belligerents are ever likely to allow war correspondents to use wireless telegraphy again.

Having fitted up a receiving station and equipped a dispatch-boat with the transmitting apparatus, Captain James was able to send messages from a distance of over 150 miles from the nearest submarine telegram station.

The first big success was when the Japanese flotilla attempted to block the entrance to Port Arthur by sinking merchant ships in the channel. The "Times" dispatch boat followed the Japanese vessels, and was able to report the incident direct to London before even the Japanese themselves knew of it.

When the Petropavlovsk was sunk near Port Arthur the dispatch boat was again on the scene, and the message, sent off at once, was in the

CAPTAIN LIONEL JAMES,



The "Times" special correspondent, who lectured last night on wireless war news.

"Times" office (according to European time) six hours before the engagement took place.

Life on the dispatch boat was not comfortable in the meantime, for the Russians had promised to hang Captain James if they caught him, and the sea was also alive with drifting mines, through which it was often necessary to steam all night at full speed.

When at last it became necessary to stop the service owing to the Japanese fears of important plans leaking out, Captain James admits he was relieved.

**FIGHTS WITH THE DEVIL.**

Priest's Astonishing Stories Related to the Pope and Cardinals.

In 1859 there died at a village near Lyons, in France, a priest named Vianney, who had a great reputation both for preaching and also for being personally assaulted by the Devil.

On Sunday this priest was solemnly "beatified" at Rome—that is to say, the title of "Blessed" was conferred upon his name. In due course he may receive the further honour of being made a Saint.

It was in life that Father Vianney began to attract the attention of the Evil One. Some people said he suffered from delusions brought on by old age and much fasting. But all over France his stories of the diabolical attacks were firmly believed.

He used to tell how Satan came to his cottage nearly every day and sneered at his furniture and pictures with dirt. He also used to challenge Father Vianney to wrestle with him; to light fires under the poor priest's bed, to break his crockery, and to keep up a continual din all the night through.

One night, when Father Vianney was goaded into accepting his challenge, the Devil thing him downwards and left him half-dead. Yet, when he recovered, no trace of injury could be found. He had been miraculously healed.

To celebrate these marvellous occurrences the Pope himself, four cardinals, six bishops, and a large number of pilgrims assembled in St. Peter's, Rome, on Sunday. They solemnly declared their belief in them, and Father Vianney was set well on the way towards being a Saint.

**WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING TO-DAY.**

**Unhappy Girlhood.**

Girlhood is not the happiest time of life. It is a period of doubt, of restlessness, of uncertainty of aim, of want of self-realisation.—The Countess of Aberdeen in "Chic."

**The Advantage of Pessimism.**

The pessimist who is always expecting misfortune, is never taken by surprise when they occur, and has blunted the edge of them by expectation.—"The Family Doctor."

**An Age of Noise.**

What an age of noise this is! Do you know any single human being who is capable of being silent for an hour at a stretch? I know two, and I value them according to their rarity.—"Madge" in "Truth."

**Idleness Means Misery.**

The permanent idleness of a human being is not only burdensome to the world, but his own secure misery.—H. G. Wells, in the "Fortnightly Review."

**Two Kinds of Cleverness.**

A clever man hides half she does not know. A clever woman hides half she does know, therein doubling her strength.—Minna Antrim in the "Smart Set."

**Ethics of the Street.**

There ought to be a much wider and more universal outdoor sympathy than there is. Think of the chill, callous way in which we go through our streets. Crows ought not to be the frigid masses of self-absorbed, touch-me-not-and-I'll-leave-you-alone units that they are.—"C. B. Fry's Magazine."

**A Grim Precaution.**

Insurance policies are frequently placed upon the Tsar's life by men who have never set eyes upon him. Each policy may represent a sound business investment for people who have sunk money in Russian bonds and fear that the assassination of Nicholas II. would leave the country a prey to political dissension.—"Brooklyn Daily Eagle."

**THE "BIG MUSCLE" FALLACY.**

Hard Exercise Is Not the Best Recipe for Muscular Fitness.

It is often argued that all hard workers have hard, big muscles, that the test of strength is to be able to do hard work, and that, therefore, exercise or dumb-bell work, which gets hard, big muscles, will also get muscular fitness.

A little thought should prove that if you argue this way you are judging things wrongly. It does not necessarily follow because hard workers have big, hard muscles, that getting big, hard muscles will make you a hard worker, or muscularly fit in any sense of the term.

As a matter of fact, the bulky muscle of the "strong man" is far from representing ideal muscular perfection.

Perfect health of muscle is not associated with extremes. The perfect muscle is neither very hard nor very tight nor very large. The huge muscle of your "strong man" is in great part composed, not of contractile muscular tissue at all, but of connective tissue. And what real muscular tissue he has, is far from being evenly nourished throughout its length, a necessary condition to proper control. Good control is what we want more than anything else.

I saw the other day a short, fat man trying to run after a friend. His little legs were taking tiny steps in more or less zig-zag fashion, his little arms were moving up and down like the pistons of an old-fashioned motor-car, and his big, round face was twitching all over.

**LOST IN THE RACE.**

Such a man may have quite as much energy to put forth as another and thinner man, but, in spite of the best intentions, is sure to fall back in the race of life because he lacks the power of directing his energy into the proper channels.

The good muscle in perfect condition is very hard when contracted fully, but only "firm" when in repose. The hardness in the one case may be compared to that of a solid india-rubber ball, and in the other to that of a hollow india-rubber ball moderately inflated. Weak muscles are flabby and soft.

Excessive slackness of muscle, as in the limp limb of an invalid, is indicative of great weakness. But excessive tightness is just as undesirable. It is for this very reason that old men cannot straighten their legs thoroughly.

Those of you who have lived long enough to recollect the old-fashioned bell-pull and all its troubles, will remember the fact that, after a certain amount of use or abuse, a lot of time was wasted "taking in the slack" before the bell was made to ring. Much the same kind of thing occurs in the case of muscle. When it is weak and flabby, time is wasted taking in the slack. Therefore, if you want to move about quickly, your muscle must be sufficiently tight, but, on the other hand, not too tight.

MACDONALD SMITH.



## ARE ENTERTAINMENTS TOO DEAR?

Some Reasons of the Stir in the  
Theatrical World.

### PLAYGOING A HABIT

Which in London it is Too Troublesome  
for Most People to Acquire.

#### By AN INFREQUENT PLAYGOER.

What is the reason of the sudden anxiety of the theatres to know whether people would like to book pit and gallery seats? Why are so many managers announcing their intention to leave the beaten track in search of attractions? What has made the music-halls think about reductions of prices?

Simply the fact that people will not go to theatres and music-halls.

When I say "people" I mean "people in the mass." Here is London with a population of 5,000,000—6,500,000, if we include all its suburbs. How many theatres does it require?

There are generally about twenty-five places of entertainment open in what we call "town," and another twelve or fifteen on the fringe. That is to say, there is only one theatre or music-hall to every 100,000 people, and at least half of these theatres and music-halls are seldom more than about half full.

You would be surprised to find how often pieces which are supposed to be enjoying a "huge success" are played to houses not anything like crowded. This last week I have gone into two play-

houses which everyone told me were quite full every night. One was the Duke of York's Theatre. There was plenty of room in the pit. The other was one of Mr. George Edwards's theatres; where I got two dress-circle seats without any difficulty at all.

Theatre-going is a habit, and not more than about two per cent. of the population of this country have caught it. In Germany you will find towns of 30,000 or 40,000 inhabitants keeping three or four places of entertainment well filled. In France the habit is not so marked in the provinces, but in the larger towns the proportion of regular playgoers is at least thirty-five per cent.

Ask the first dozen people you meet this morning whether they have seen any of the pieces which are supposed to be "drawing all London." I dare wager that they will reply, "No, I haven't seen that. It's such a business going to the theatre

#### AMATEUR THEATRICALS.



Mrs. Willie James, who, with Mrs. Arthur James and their amateur theatrical company, began a charity tour at Rugby this week. (Alice Hughes.)

#### OUR NEW SERIAL.

## A MAN IN A MILLION

By CORALIE STANTON  
and HEATH HOSKEN.

#### SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

A story of tragic irony and of the "eternal triangle"—two men and one woman.

Vanna Tempest was loved by Anthony Heron; and her husband, Dick Tempest, the best and kindest of souls, a man in a million, came to the conclusion that he was in the way. It all happened out of a burst of generosity on the part of the husband, who, desiring that his wife should taste for a time the joy of luxury and gaiety which had once been hers in prosperous days, placed in her hands the sum of £800 (the result of a speculation advised by Heron), saying, "Go up to London and have a good time. Anthony Heron will look after you."

Anthony Heron was a financier, a man of strong individuality and fascinating personality. In vain the woman struggled against the new love that was awakened, and soon she was meeting her lover by stealth for an hour or two at a time, drifting into danger.

Suddenly Dick Tempest learns from a dropped letter of his wife's deception, and commits suicide to free her from the bondage of her marriage; and Vanna Tempest returned home after an apparently innocent visit to London to find her husband dead. Her daughter Joan, a girl always strongly attached to her father, is grief-stricken, and says in a moment of passionate anger, "Mother, I believe it was all your fault."

#### CHAPTER XI.

I went in search of Love and lost myself.—Hindoo Proverb.

Lady Betty Somerville read in the newspaper, two mornings after the day when Anthony Heron had failed to keep his appointment to dine with her and go on to Mrs. Carruthers's reception, among the minor items of news, that a certain Mr. Richard Tempest had committed suicide. She read it in bed, while she drank her morning cup of tea and before she opened her letters. The name of Tempest attracted her attention, because her thoughts had so lately been concerned with it, it being the name of the woman Tony Heron was in love with, the woman without whom he said he could not live. But there was something else in the paragraph that was vaguely familiar, although she could not make out what it was.

"Boddington—Boddington," she murmured. "Now, what does that remind me of?" And then she remembered. She had a wonderful memory. Boddington was Tony Heron's little village she had turned off at, when she was driving her motor, and reached that lonely and out-of-the-way little inn, where she had seen Anthony Heron and Mrs. Tempest together.

This man was called Tempest, and he had shot himself in his house near Boddington. It said in the paper that his wife had been away from home at the time. Now, Anthony Heron had promised to dine with her and accompany her to the Carruthers's night before last, and then he had sent a curt wire saying that he was unavoidably prevented. She fitted it all in, the shrewd, the far-seeing Lady Betty. Was this man who had shot

himself the husband of the woman Tony was in love with? Had she been in London with Tony at the time?

"If that's the way it was," mused Lady Betty half-aloud, "it's the sort of situation that you call strong when you see it on the stage." She nodded her head vigorously. "Decidedly strong!"

"I hope to goodness Tony won't get himself into an ugly mess," she went on. "He seemed so serious—said he'd marry her to-morrow if she were free. Well, here's his chance. I wonder if it is the same. Tempest's a common name enough. But there, if there's anything in it, Tony will come and tell me."

Tony did not come for more than a week. Meanwhile Lady Betty read about the inquest on the body of Richard Tempest, an account of which was crowded up in a corner of an evening newspaper. He had not been a man of any importance in the world. The report simply said that no motive whatever could be found, and the jury had returned the usual verdict with which a kindly civilisation covers the rash and primitive deed of a human being whose passions are more than he can bear. The paper, with characteristic love of detail, added that the widow, who, it was believed, was left absolutely unprovided for, was inconsolable, and had shut herself up with her only daughter, refusing to see or speak to a soul.

"Daughter," said Lady Betty to herself. "It's the same. I wonder how she's feeling. I suppose the husband found out and quietly got out of the way. He must have been a nice man; but I wish he hadn't done it, because I don't want Tony to do a thing that is going to spoil his whole life."

Lady Betty made discreet inquiries during that week, and found that nobody had seen Anthony Heron anywhere. At last a man told her that he had been in the City from morning till night, and that he must have something up his sleeve, because nobody else was doing a single thing.

And then, ten days after Richard Tempest had shot himself, Anthony Heron came to the house in Green-street. He came in the evening, just as Lady Betty was going out to dine. He was shown to her boudoir—den, and she went down to him at once, gorgeous in old rose velvet and her famous rubies.

If she had had any lingering doubts as to whether the tragedy she had read of in the papers was really connected with him or not, once glance at him was sufficient to dispel them. He was very pale, and he looked worn and intensely harassed. He was in morning dress, and when Lady Betty entered the room, he was pacing up and down with nervous, restless strides.

She went up to him and gripped his hand with her friendly, mannish clasp.

"My poor Tony!" was all she said.

"You know, Lady Betty!" Anthony Heron's voice was low, impatient, almost fretful. "For mercy's sake, tell me how did you know?"

"I put two and two together," she answered. She saw what was in his mind, and went on soothingly: "You see, Tony, I am the only person in the world who could have guessed, because you confided in me."

"People are not talking, then?" he asked, with a nervous look.

"Of course not. How should they? I haven't heard a single soul mention it. Just a couple of paragraphs in the paper, Tony, that was all. It was enough for me, because I knew the name, and I remembered Boddington—I had seen you near there."

nowadays." And, if you pressed them further, they would admit that they gave music-halls an equally wide berth.

Why is it more of a business going to the play nowadays than it used to be? Well, to begin with, we are in a busier age. Our grandfathers, if they went to the theatre at all, had leisure to sit there from six o'clock till nearly midnight. Our fathers did not grudge four hours to the play.

Most of us who work for our living find that it is next to impossible to get to a theatre which begins at eight. Not many workers leave off before six. To get home (supposing you live reasonably near) to dress and to dine takes at the very least two hours, and even that means missing both comfort and coffee. You arrive at the theatre in a bad temper, and unless it happens to be a particularly good piece you don't enjoy yourself at all. So you go home swearing you won't do it again for at least another six months.

#### DINNER OR EVENING DRESS.

The alternative to this is not going home, not dressing, and dining in town. Well, if you go to the stalls or dress-circle you feel uncomfortable. If you go to the pit you don't have time to dine at your ease even in town, and you have to line up at the door with a crowd, like a lot of casuals waiting for admission to the workhouse.

Another drawback to enjoyment is the monotony of nearly all modern plays. For half an hour or three-quarters of an hour you could enjoy a close-packed costume drama of incident, especially if it were followed by a short comedy or farce, in which the laughs come at closer intervals than every ten minutes, which is about the modern average.

But to sit out a whole long Lewis Waller play, for instance, or a Henry Arthur Jones comedy containing one comic idea beaten out so fine as to be almost invisible—these are the kind of ordeals which leave one utterly bored. You get the same sort of thing repeated over and over again in each act. By the end your spirit is broken. You crawl away utterly dispirited and "sorry you came."

The reasons (in a sentence) why people will not go to the theatres or variety theatres are that the performances are too dear, too dull, too long, too listless, too old-fashioned in their arrangements altogether. What is wanted is radical reform.

"Of course, of course," he muttered. "My nerves are all to pieces."

"So it was her husband, Tony?"

"Yes. You are going out, Lady Betty," he added hastily. "Could you put off your dinner? Do you mind being half an hour late? I want to talk to you."

"I'll put it off altogether," Lady Betty answered promptly. "I don't mind a bit. Wait a moment, Tony."

She sat down and scribbled a note, rang the bell, and gave it to the footman.

"I want this taken round to Lady Caroline Gore's at once," she said. "And tell them to serve something for two in about half an hour—cold chicken, anything will do. That's all."

Anthony Heron had sunk into one of the big comfortable chairs. He was shielding his eyes from the glare of the unshaded lights.

Lady Betty quietly switched off most of them, and came and sat down opposite to him. Her first words she spoke as a woman of the world:—

"It's a good thing there was no scandal, Tony."

"Yes, yes," he replied readily. "Of course, there was no scandal. You saw about the inquest in the paper. Nobody knows anything, suspects anything, dreams anything."

"I suppose, Tony, he found out."

"I don't know, I suppose so. Apparently he left nothing, no sign, no word—absolutely nothing!"

"Yes, yes," he said again, "absolutely nothing."

"Oh, it is horrible!" he said suddenly.

"Tell me," asked Lady Betty gravely, "what does she—Mrs. Tempest—say?"

"I don't know—I haven't seen her," he muttered.

"No, of course, you couldn't—just yet."

"I can't see her again." He blurted out the words fiercely.

"Good God!" exclaimed Lady Betty, startled, horrified, for once in her life, almost shocked.

"I can't see her again," Anthony Heron repeated. "I can't."

"I thought," said Lady Betty slowly, "that it was possible you might take it that way."

He fumbled in his pocket-book, and took out a letter, which he handed to her.

"I got this from her—yesterday." He was not exactly excited; more than anything, he seemed to her to be worried to death, ashamed of himself, weighed down by something that he had made up his mind to do. She had always been able to read his mind.

She smoothed out the sheet, and her eyes travelled over the pages of Vanna's letter.

"Tony," she read, "I think I shall go mad if I don't hear from you soon. Don't you know that comfort—enough comfort to make things endurable—can only come to me from you?"

"He must have found out, Tony; but he has not left a word—not a single word."

"What are we going to do? Your silence is killing me. I suppose I am utterly wicked, but I can only think of you. I am sick with longing; I would kill myself to-morrow if I thought this was going on. For God's sake, let me see you, or at least send me one word. Till then I am in hell."

VANNA.

Lady Betty folded the letter when she had finished reading it. Her carefully-powdered face was puckered with sympathetic pain.

"Of course, it isn't nice," she said, handing him back the sheet. "But then nothing that is raw is nice. We are so fastidious that the sight of an

(Continued on page 13.)

## The "Lady's Pictorial" Opinion of the Famous "Russell" Treatment for The Cure of Corpulency.

"All unduly stout people suffer more or less inconvenience in moving about, difficulty in breathing; and a want of general tone in the system is, as a rule, the lot of those who are the unfortunate possessors of an undue amount of adipose tissue, and who, in the trying process of remedying, have undermined their health without permanently reducing their weight. Mr. F. Cecil Russell, of Woburn House, Store-street, Bedford-square, W.C., has a cure for obesity which is most sure in its results, and, unlike most remedies for the reduction of weight, does not require any stringent restrictions with regard to diet. The treatment is entirely harmless, and the general health will be much improved by it. The ingredients used in the medicine are of a purely vegetable nature, as will be seen in the little book, entitled 'Corpulency and the Cure,' written by Mr. Russell, the extreme popularity of which is shown by its having already reached the nineteenth edition. There is no doubt that the 'Russell' treatment goes to the root of the evil, hence the complete success of the cure. All those persons who are showing signs of becoming too fat should study the little book, 'Corpulency and the Cure.' The great success of this cure will be gathered from the many letters from those who have benefited by it. Many of these letters are printed in the 'Redoubt,' which can be obtained for two penny stamps from Mr. F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Store-street, Bedford-square, W.C."

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(Nineteenth Edition.)

By F. CECIL RUSSELL.

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The "Lady's Realm" says: "This remarkable book contains, besides splendid testimony to the success which has attended Mr. Russell's scientific and rational method, exhaustive information of the highest interest to all who have a tendency towards stoutness, as well as to those who already groan under the ungracious burden."

The "Liverpool Echo" says: "Mr. Russell is to be heartily congratulated upon the practical results of his study and research."

#### POST FREE, TWOPENCE.

London: Published at Woburn House, 27, Store-street, Bedford-square, W.C.

## "Ninon" in her Health and Beauty article, appearing in the

## "Lady's Companion."

"Stout persons should read \*'Corpulency and the Cure,' by Mr. F. C. Russell, who has devoted years to the study of obesity and its causes. The cure is harmless, pleasant, and permanent. 'I have lost nearly a stone and a half since I commenced taking it,' writes a young lady of the compound which forms the basis of the 'Russell' treatment, and adds, 'I cannot tell you how much better I feel. I am now the thin as I wish to be.' There are hundreds of letters in this strain, together with many eulogistic opinions of the medical and general Press. The ingredients are purely vegetable, and absolutely innocuous. Persons undergoing the treatment are able to realise the efficiency of the preparation before twenty-four hours have elapsed, the loss of weight varying from half a pound to four pounds, the latter, of course, only in the severest cases. It is impossible in a limited space to give many examples of the testimonials to be read in Mr. Russell's interesting little book, which any of our stout friends may obtain by sending two stamps to Mr. F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Store-street, Bedford-square, London, W.C." "A copy of 'Corpulency and the Cure' will be sent under a plain sealed envelope to all readers who will forward their address, with two penny stamps, to the Author, F. CECIL RUSSELL, Woburn House, Store-street, Bedford-square, London, W.C.

All correspondence strictly confidential.



THE WORLD. ■ **OWD**



# DRESSES WORN BY MRS. LANGTRY IN LAST NIGHT'S PLAY, "MRS. DERING'S DIVORCE."

## A SPUR TO SUCCESS.

### WIVES WHO SUPPLY AMBITION.

There can be no question whatever, quite apart from all the palpable examples in high places, that the advancement in life of thousands of comparatively humble beings is directly due to the gentle promptings, to the assiduous but not too apparent strivings, of their ambitious wives.

As a general rule people greatly underestimate the influence of the wife over the husband. The majority of husbands do not always care to confess that in their daily life they are vastly influenced and swayed by the opinion of their wives; indeed, in a large number of cases, the men scarcely know it themselves. Yet, all the same, the larger number of husbands follow the behests of their wives in a greater or less degree, share their prejudices, seek to realise their ideals, and are even more proud to satisfy their wives' ambitious yearnings than they are to reap for themselves a harvest of outside applause when the goal has been reached.

But men are crafty. Thousands of husbands gently pooh-pooh the opinions of their wives in worldly matters and then go out and do precisely what their prompters indicated. Even in those cases where the husband and wife are not usually of one accord in any marked degree a man will still say: "She does not quite know how clever I am; I will show her what I am capable of doing." And this very excess of vanity leads that man on to perform some feat he has heard his wife talking of as one of her chosen aims in life.

Biography proves to us absolutely that many men who have afterwards achieved great things would have abandoned the struggle early, had it not been for the determination of their wives that the light and struggle should go on and end in triumph. It is always difficult, of course, to say in what precise degree a wife influences her husband's fortune—there are such subtle and minute levers of influence—but even in the case of the very quiet and womanly woman, not usually credited with the power of swaying master minds, the influence has been present all the same.

## NIMBLE NEEDLEWOMEN.

### AN OPPORTUNITY OF WINNING CASH PRIZES.

Osoilkie is the apt title given to a form of hustr yarn which is in high request among embroiderers, knitters, Tenerife lace-workers, and all those who excel in dainty needlecraft.

The proprietors—Messrs. Tubbs, Hiscocks, and Co., of 18, Milton-street, E.C.—are proving themselves the special friends of their large following by offering numerous and generous money prizes for beautiful examples of work carried out in Osoilkie.

In all 200 is offered in cash prizes, ranging from twelve guineas down to half a guinea; and alto-



The toilettes Mrs. Langtry wears in "Mrs. Dering's Divorce" produced at Terry's Theatre last night, are very beautiful. Of the two sketched above, the full-length one is made of pale yellow crepe de Chine, charmingly frilled and ruffled, and completed by the now so fashionable elbow sleeves. The other is a black evening robe (again a most modish choice), handsomely decorated with a velvet applique butterfly design upon the corsage.

## A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 11.)

open wound makes us shudder. Is she as fond of you as all that?"

"I am afraid so," Anthony Heron stammered. His face wore an unmistakable look of guilt, and his friend understood.

"Tony," she said, "you are going to leave her in the lurch."

He looked abject, and yet he spoke violently.

"I want to go and frank with you," he said, "but if you talk like that, I can't."

"I didn't mean to be nasty," said Lady Betty. Her tone was quite changed; she spoke briskly, as if they were discussing some commonplace matter.

"Only—I am surprised. You see, you were so very emphatic the other day. If she were free, you would marry her to-morrow."

Again he gave her an abject look. She did not like to see him like that—the cowering, fascinating, irresistible Tony Heron.

"Good heavens, I understand," she cried brusquely. "What made the difference was that she was not free when you said that. I suppose, Tony, the poor man's death upset you."

"It wouldn't be fair," said the man, "if I allowed you to think that was the reason. I'm not going to sail under false colours; I want you to see what a brute I am. It wasn't that I was shocked by her husband's death. That would have been a worthier reason. It was simply that, when I realised that she was free, that I could marry her, that I ought to—"

"You knew that you didn't want to," put in Lady Betty quietly. "I quite understand."

"I wish to God I did," groaned Heron. "What makes me so despicable?"

"You are not despicable; you are natural, Tony. You can't help it; it's human nature."

"And yet I thought—honestly thought she was the only woman in the world who could make life worth living for me. I believed I couldn't live without her."

"I don't say for a moment she isn't a woman you can love," said Lady Betty, "but she is not a woman you can marry. Men like you, Tony, don't marry women they have had affairs with, women older than they are, women with daughters nearly grown up, women who adore them. You'll marry a broad-and-butter miss, a pretty doll, who

will twist you round her little finger, and won't care a pin about you."

"Oh, don't talk like that," he implored impatiently. "I've come to you for help."

"Help?" Lady Betty raised her eyebrows. "Yes. I'm going to do a loathsome thing, a hateful thing—the very last thing I ought to do."

"When a man says he's going to do the last thing," Lady Betty informed him sagely, "it is generally the very first thing a woman would have suggested. Tony, you're going to run away."

"Yes," he laughed with brutal self-reliance. "Brave, isn't it? And I want you to tell her."

Lady Betty sat upright. There was displeasure in her face and voice.

"My dear Tony, I never imagined you were the kind of man who would ask a woman to do his dirty work for him."

"I know I cut a hideous figure," said Heron. Lady Betty's brow was furrowed with thought.

"My dear Tony," she said at last, "I'm not pretending that I think you exactly a hero, and I wouldn't dream of helping you if I didn't think that, despite everything, you are doing the wise thing, not only for yourself, but for this poor woman, too. You'll go away and you'll forget her; she will have a hell of a time, and eventually she'll get over it. If you married you'd be unhappy—both of you. She'd find that she was growing old and you were standing still; she'd find that the past was always between you—the fact of the matter is, though it may sound brutal, it's hardly ever a satisfactory thing for a man to marry his mistress. As it is, I'm not at all certain that she won't have the better part. I've often thought that perhaps a hopeless love may be the most satisfactory in the end—the thing you always long for and never have. You probably go down to your grave thinking it would have been Paradise, whereas the odds are it would have been very much like anything else."

But Anthony Heron had no mood to listen to his friend's somewhat cynical philosophy.

"Will you do it?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes—I'll do it."

"You'll go to her?"

"Yes."

"You'll be kind to her?"

"I will endeavour," said Lady Betty sarcastically. "To convey to her in the tenderest, most delicate manner, that she has got to tear out her living heart."

A groan was all this speech elicited.

"There, I don't mean to tease," said Lady Betty kindly. "Poor Tony, I've no doubt you are suffering."

"You're a good friend," the man said.

"I hope I'm being a good friend to her, too," was the grave answer.

"If you would be a friend to her—in the future!"

"I'll try to. What incomprehensible creatures men are."

"I want to provide for her," he said.

"Money!" Lady Betty looked a little horrified. "That's going to be difficult."

"You'd know how to do it," he went on eagerly.

"I should make an awful mess of it if I wrote, and lawyers are so businesslike. If you would do it for me! See, Lady Betty, she won't have a penny, I'm afraid, and she loves luxury; she's made for the good things of life. I want her to have a good income—enough to place her above want for the rest of her life—two thousand a year."

"It's enormous," said Lady Betty.

"It's nothing to what I'd like to give her. I—oh, I can't make you understand."

"I understand perfectly," was the dry retort. "To put it plainly, Tony, you're so glad to get out of it that you'd pay anything."

"I want her to have everything she wants," he said almost sullenly. "If you will be kind enough to mention it, and let me know, I'll write to my lawyers and they will do the rest."

"And when are you going away? I suppose you must go."

"I must—for a bit. I shall go to-morrow morning. I'll let you know where to write. It'll be Egypt, I think."

"Give me her address."

He wrote it out. Then he gripped her hands.

"Good-bye, Lady Betty. I can never thank you. I'm a miserable coward. Good-bye."

"Tony," she said solemnly, "don't come back until you're all right again—until you're quite forgotten. There must be no going back."

Both of them had forgotten the food she had ordered. Anthony Heron went straight out of the house and jumped into a cab.

Lady Betty stood in her room; her keen, wise, humorous eyes were not quite dry.

"Poor woman, poor woman!" she murmured. "I do hope it's for the best."

(To be continued.)

gether there will be forty-four awards. The prizes are offered for embroidery, crochet, knitting, netting, and Tenerife lace work, the designs and ideas being left entirely to the competitor's choice, and as all work sent in will be returned after the judging has taken place no competitors will lose, even should they not be successful in gaining a prize. There is no entrance fee of any sort, not even a coupon is necessary, the only stipulation being that all work sent in must be made entirely with Osoilkie brightest lustre yarn.

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ANY STOCKS  
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## "ROSEMARY,"

108, BROMPTON RD.

## MODEL HATS from PARIS.

AT 10/6 DURING THIS MONTH.

LESS THAN COST PRICE.

"WHAT SETS THE BABY ON ITS LEGS."

## RIDGE

AND MAKES ITS LIMBS SO STRONG?

## RIDGE

Why, RIDGE'S FOOD, the MOTHER'S FRIEND.

## RIDGE

SOON MAKES IT PUSH ALONG."

## Beauty.

For cleansing the skin and preserving it from roughness, chaps, blotches, hard water, cold, wind or fog, Eiffel Tower Cream is unique, and alone imparts the delicate transparent tint that needs no powder. Price 1/- Send 3d stamps for two samples (different scents).

ICILMA CO., Ltd. (Dept. B.), 142, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.



Advice

Wash once with Fels-Naptha.

Worth 4/- a week at least—it

saves more than that in time, and

wear on clothes.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson Street London E.C.







## AMATEUR PLAY.

Football Association Wise in  
Not Choosing North and  
South Teams.

## A GOOD SOLDIERS' SIDE.

The International Selection Committee of the Football Association in their wise discretion have deferred their choice of the North and South teams until February 6—that is, the Monday after the first round of the English Cup, and the day of the meeting of the consultative body.

It would scarcely have been equitable to have chosen the South eleven on the form of Monday at Tottenham. The frozen ground and the capricious ball made good football impossible among the average players; but the higher genius will "out," and so we saw some wonderful football by S. S. Harris.

Had the excellence of Stanley Harris only slightly infected G. S. Harris and Sam Day, the Amateurs would have gained a glorious victory. But the two last-named were utterly of their game. The more I see of S. S. Harris the more his dribbling, his quick passes to the wings, his lightning shots, remind me of W. N. Cobbold.

Poster and Cobbold. By the way, a writer of some notoriety in a contemporary stated the other day that "Tip" Foster was a better player than W. N. Cobbold. As I personally know the maker of this assertion, I am afraid that he was "drawing the long bow." He could scarcely have been "breached" when Cobbold was playing, whereas "Templar" was then fortunate or unfortunate enough to be in his closing teens, in the early 'eighties. After twenty-five years' experience, active and passive, of good football, W. N. Cobbold is still my High Priest in the Association game. But as Billiards would have it, I am not saying anything against R. E. Foster. We all know that he, too, was a great and brilliant forward, and I once saw him turn a game for his side by his goal-keeping, which shows the ubiquity of his genius.

Well, in this international trial on Monday, beyond P. S. Ward in his place on the outside left, there was no forward worthy to black the boots of S. S. Harris; and all the shortcomings had to be debited to the ground. It should be a near thing in the South team for centre half-back play between Percy Sands and Parsonage; and I almost prefer Parsonage. I do not, in fact, fancy any amateurs in the half and full-back lines of the international. And Sam Day, too, is off-colour just now, so my thoughts of a complete amateur forward line for the international must for the moment, at least, be no more recorded. R. G. Wright is not nearly so fast as he was, and why he was preferred by the sages of the F.A. to G. C. Vassall is beyond my comprehension.

## England's Goalkeeper.

Will T. S. Rowlandson get his cap for "goals"? Carbridge and Ashcroft must be strongly in the running with him. By the way, Ashcroft, the Everton half-back, did not strike me as being the great player which "Tityrus" had made out. And after all the ground on Monday did not indicate the other men so much as it did the forwards; and this argument was supported by the superb work of the professors at full-back—Stevenson and Molyneux. I should think that Stevenson must have made a very strong impression on the international selectors.

We must have Vivian Woodward back again as the centre. I hear that the North right wing against the South at Bristol is not unlikely to consist of R. E. Hounsfield and Stephen Bloomer.

In Army football circles there is still a strong feeling that the Royal Engineers Service Battalion team will get very close to the possession of the Amateur Cup. I am told that their defence is very wonderful, and that the forwards are "nippy," and always about when an easy goal is going. The draw for the next round of the Army Cup has been deferred, but we shall have the R.E. team at Shepherd's Bush next Saturday week in the Amateur Cup-tie.

## Americans and "Soccer."

Wearing of the brutalities practised by the "sport" which passes for football at the American Universities, the authorities in the States are very keen on giving "Soccer" a good send-off. And so they are striving hard to fix up a tour for the Corinthians. Wirefoot Brown has been sounded on the subject, but the whole thing has been only incidentally discussed amongst the Corinthians.

The Corinthians would readily go if they could see their way to getting a representative side. But there are other talks in life besides football, of which our leading amateurs have to think. Or, as the gentleman who thinks R. E. Foster "a better player than W. N. Cobbold" ever was "observed, in a gibe at our amateurs the other day, the Corinthians "always look as if they were playing for recreation." And so he paid them unintentionally a great compliment.

The "Varsity" eleven will be getting into harness again this week, and during the next few days I am hoping that Balfour-Melville and G. L. Mellin will be giving me some general idea of their intentions. Oxford v. Cambridge is on February 11, and those who want reserved seats should communicate early with Charles Bruce Marriott at Queen's Club. **TEMPLAR.**

## BOY BILLIARDS CHAMPION.

Youthful Australian Coming to London  
to Perfect His Style.

A week ago the *Daily Mirror* exclusively announced that Australia had discovered a billiard prodigy in the person of Fred Lindrum, a lad who is not yet seventeen years of age. As Lindrum's father has decided to send him to London shortly, a few further particulars about the lad will be of interest.

Lindrum was born in South Melbourne, and commenced playing in public at the age of thirteen, an age at which Weiss the well-known Australian professional started. The lad won his first match by 46 points, and although he had no startling breaks, he twice exceeded the half-century.

Shortly after this a match was arranged with Weiss, but the authorities, acting under the impression that Lindrum was too young to compete in such a match, prohibited it.

Lindrum subsequently played Weiss, who was conceding 300 in 500. The youngster won "hands down" by 156, which naturally impressed the older man considerably. Weiss, in fact, was enthusiastic in his remarks concerning the future of his victorious opponent.

Lindrum has made many breaks over one hundred, and on one occasion he exceeded 200. He owed 125 in the West Australian Match, and on another occasion he won it. At Ballarat recently he scored 600 in 53mins, making breaks of 139, 81, 87, and 65. Out of forty-one matches the lad has won 37.

He will stay in London about eighteen months, perfecting his play under one of the foremost players. He is expected to tour the Continent, and to really win it. Lindrum's father is ex-champion of Australia, and it seems clear that his boy is destined to follow in his father's footsteps.



TO H.M. THE KING.

# BUCHANAN'S

## "SPECIAL"

### SCOTCH WHISKY



TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

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70 Years' Reputation as the  
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And all DISEASES ARISING THEREFROM.

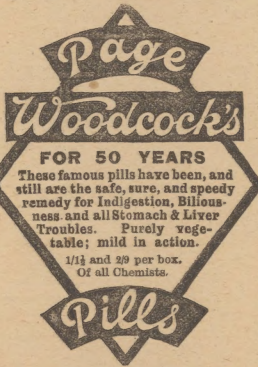
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**FREE.** DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET, a Book of 80 pages, together with a Sample Box of Pills, sent free from above address on receipt of one penny stamp for postage.

# TAKE

## CARE OF YOUR EYES

It is impossible to take too much care of one's eyes, and those who value their eyesight will do well to send to **STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London**, for a little book "How to Preserve the Eyesight," which tells the story of a cure for all troubles of the eyes, eyelashes, and eyelids. **SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT** has proved its virtues during 300 years, and it may be obtained of all chemists and stores, in almost pedestrian pots for 2/- each.



## Great News

for housekeepers—

Half the labour of washing is saved by Fels-Naptha; wash-day is shorter and clothes last longer.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London EC



A Nutritive Substance is not always a Digestible one.

# Mellin's Food

however is both, and has become the Standard, because it is Real Food—a food that Feeds.

# £50 FOR READERS OF THE 1905 "Daily Mail" YEAR BOOK.

The Publishers of the "Daily Mail" Year Book, convinced of the great value and interest of that annual, have devised a method to make its contents familiar to a larger public than it has hitherto enjoyed.

£25 : £15 : £10

will be awarded for correct answers to the following questions, every answer to which will be found in the "Daily Mail" Year Book for 1905.

## THE QUESTIONS.

## The Three Cloverest Young Men.

Who have been called by an eminent critic the three cleverest young men in London?

## What Did the Duke Buy?

The Duke of Portland last year paid £70,000 for a new possession. What did he buy with the money?

## Who Is It?

Lord Kitchener said of a public man: "He is the master of us all." Of whom was he speaking?

## Founders of Peerages.

There are now living many members of the House of Lords who are the first holders of their titles, and have thus founded their peerages. Who are they?

## A Great Man's Fear of Death.

A famous man who passed away last year directed that his body should be placed in a coffin with a loose lid easily opened from below. What was his name?

## People Who Will Not Pay.

Hundreds of thousands of people in England last year were summoned for debts which they could afford to pay, but would not pay until compelled. What was the exact number?

Send replies, with your name and address clearly written, to D. M. Y. B., 3, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. The closing date will be announced shortly.

It is distinctly understood that the Editor's decision and awards are final.

The "DAILY MAIL" YEAR BOOK can be obtained from all Booksellers, 1/6.

## A Government Menu.

A menu for a day's meals is issued in an official document quoted in the Year Book. For what kind of consumers is the menu intended?

## A Great Day at Glencarron.

In a national survey of 1904 the village of Glencarron, in Ross-shire, was notable for something occurring on June 16. What was its distinction?

## The Ruler of a Million.

"Ex-Officer of British Navy, and an Englishman, rules over a million subjects; maintains his private navy of half a dozen gunboats." Who is he?

## An Author's Confession.

A living man, whose books are famous, said: "I was apprenticed to a shoemaker; I became a porter; I sold apples in the streets; I attempted to commit suicide; I was a labourer in the workshops of a railway." What is his name?

## A Great Railway Enterprise. Where Is It?

An English railway company is building enormous works on an area rescued from the sea? Where are they?

## &amp; s. d.

What part did the total of £3,131,728 play in 1903?



## Small Advertisements

are received at the offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., and 12, Carmelite Street, E.C., between the hours of 10 and 6 (Saturdays, 10 and 5) at the rate of 12 words 1/6 (14, each word afterwards), except for Situations Wanted, for which the rate is 1/- for 12 words, and 1d. per word after. Advertisements, if sent by post, must be accompanied by postal orders crossed Counts and Co. (stamps will not be accepted).

"Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" Offices, a box department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

## DAILY BARGAINS.

NOTICE.—When replying to Advertisements addressed to the "Daily Mirror" Office no remittance should be enclosed in the first instance.

## Dress.

A. A. A.—Credit Tailoring.—High-class suits and overcoats to measure, 6s. monthly; perfect fit guaranteed; patterns and Booklet "E" post free; please call.—Wittam Tailoring Company, 21, Oldisle, City, E.C.

A BARGAIN.—Elegant Fur set, long black caracul Duchesse Style; fashionable broad shoulders; beautifully rich and cut; with handsome large muff to match; cost £12; 6d.; approval: "Amy," Poles, 30, Fleet-st., E.C.

A BARGAIN; 10s. 6d. parcel; 3 Chemises, 3 Knickers, 2 Petticoats, 3 Nightdresses, 10, 6d.; 3/4, 2/6, 2/6, Union-rd. Clapham

A FREE dainty sample Handkerchief, with illustrated list, and stamp.—British Linen Company, Oxford-st., London.

A Dams, Tailor, 140, Strand, supplies fashionable Overcoats or suits on improved system; 10s. monthly.—Call or write for pattern.

AFTERNOON Gowns, in voile or cloth, 25s.; or cloth costumes, 15s. 6d., to measure; ladies' own materials made up; patterns and catalogue free.—25, Brecknock-rd., Camden-rd., N.W.

ARMY Blueches; hobbled or bradded; 5s. 6d. post paid; money returned if not perfectly satisfied.—Fyfield, Manufacturer, 171, Battersea Park-rd., S.W.

BABY'S Complete Outfit, 13s. 6d.; postage 6d.; lovely robe, etc., catalogue free.—Baker, Booty and Co., A. 7, Voluntary-pk., Wandsworth, Essex.

"BEATALL" white remnant Parcels, 1s. 3d. each; damasks, cambrics, linens, longcloths.—Beatall, Rushden.

BEAUTIFUL Baby Long Clothes; sets of 50 articles, 21s.; a bargain of loveliness; approval.—Mr. Max, 16, The Chase, Nottingham.

BEAUTIFUL Blouse, free, with our sale catalogue; send 18 stamps.—Baker, Booty, 430, Warehouse, Wandsworth, Essex.

FREE Costume to Measure is offered by experienced French ladies' Tailor just opening new premises to any lady introducing a few friends, either for cash or easy terms; 45s. everything included.—Write "Mach," 49, King Williams-st., E.C.

FURS for Debt.—Real Marmot Necklet and Muff, 6s.; Caracul ditto, 7s. 6d.; brown fox-colour ditto, 9s.; long real Russian Sable Hair Suit, 2s. 6d.; unsoled; approval.—Mater, 6, Grafton-st., Clapham.

GENTLEMEN'S Suits to Measure, 21s.; Ladies' Tailor-made costumes to measure, 25s. 6d.; terms cash.—City Tailors Dept., 15, 49, Prince of Wales-rd., Norwich.

GREAT BARGAINS in Millinery.—The Bond Street Dress Agency, Ltd., 95, New Bond-st., have made arrangements in conjunction with many of the best milliners for millinery to arrive from January 23 consignments of their latest French models, hats, coats, and hosiery; all of these will be in the hands of the agency and will always be marked much below original cost; fresh consignments will arrive weekly; inspection invited.

KNITTED COSETS support without pressure; Knit underclothing knitted cases, from 5s.; boots, knitted surgical hosiery; write for list.—Knitted Cost Company, Nottingham, Notts.

LADIES' Costumes, Jackets, Mantles, Dress Lengths, and Drapery of every description delivered on small deposit and balance monthly; patterns and designs post free on any address; Doves, 6s. per pair.—Write Dept., 235, City of London Direct Supply Stores, 217, Upper-st., Islington, London, N.

LADIES, reduce your corsets 21s. by wearing patent chemise, 21s.; 6d.; corsets, 2s. 11d.; send waist measurement.—Madam, Posters-rd., New Barnet.

LOVELY Blouses, all prices; beautiful catalogue free.—Baker, Booty, and Co., 107, Warehouse, Manufacturers, Wandsworth, Essex.

MONSTER is Parcel assorted Laces; exceptional value.—Ways and Means, Dept., New Barnet.

New Seaikin Jacket; 25 7s. 6d.; great bargain; extremely elegant; latest style, scarce shape; double-breasted, with revers and storm collar; approval willingly.—Miss Marjory, 25, Handford-rd., S.W.

OUR Great Sale; catalogue of clothing free.—Write Baker, Booty, 430, Warehouse, Wandsworth.

SLOANE DRESS Agency, 166, Sloane-st.—Sale now proceeding; smart Gowns from 17s. 6d.; bargains in Furs.

SMART Day and Evening Gowns, etc.; only slightly worn; great bargain.—Salmon, 11, Hanway-st., Tottenham Court-rd.

2/- PER PAIR.—Genuine Police and Army Trousers; grand for work or evening; carriage 6d.—W. Harrow and Co., 31, Bruce Castle, London, N.

2/6 DOWN will secure you fashionable Overcoat or Suit to measure.—Scott and Co., Smart Style Credit Tailors, 64, Chesham-rd., and 306, Edgware-rd.

## Miscellaneous.

A BARGAIN.—Handsome set Sheffield Cutlery, 12 large 12 knives, 12 small, meat carvers, steel; Crayford ivory, 20, Fleet-st., London.

ASTHMA CURED by Zematone.—Write for free trial box to Cornford, 4, Lloyd-st., London.

BILLIARD TABLE; standard, 8ft.; complete; second-hand; as good as new; £22.—Cox and Yeman, Ltd., Brompton-rd., Milton.

CONFECTIONERS' Ovens; coal, coke, or gas; self-contained; tenants' fixture; latest designs; illustrated list free.—Mabbey, Phoenix Iron Works, Dept., 2, Camden-rd., N.W.

"DAILY MIRROR" FOUNTAIN PEN.—Sold for 2s. 6d. to advertise the "Daily Mirror." Can be seen and obtained at 45, New Bond-st., W. On sale at all Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons' bookshops, or post free, 2s. 7d., from the "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., London, E.C.

"DAILY MIRROR" Giant Lockets, 6s. 9d.—Over 214, long; range 25 1/2; don't miss this opportunity. It is being sold to advertise the "Daily Mirror." Send at once postal order for 5s. 6d. (postage and packing 6d.) to the "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., London, E.C. Call and see this wonderful telescope.

## DAILY BARGAINS.

## Miscellaneous.

"DAILY MIRROR" MINIATURES sold to advertise the "Daily Mirror." Your miniature finished in water-colours for 5s. 1d. post free.—Send photograph and particulars as to colour of hair, eye, complexion, and dress, together with P.O. for 5s. 1d., to be crossed Counts and Co., Miniature Dept., 2, Carmelite-st., E.C.

DAMASK Tablecloths, 60 square inches, 2s. 9d. each, or 2 for 5s.; lovely design; approval.—Henry, 55, Grange Walk, Bermondsey.

DOWN QUILTS.—A few travellers' samples; best latest covering; full size, 6ft. by 6ft.; must be cleared; reduced to only 5s. 9d. each; 2 for 7s.; carriage 6d.; money returned if all sold; call or write.—Cray Stewart (Dept. 10), 25, Milton-st., London, E.C.

EMANUEL and CO., 31, CLAPHAM ROAD.

MR. KENNINGTON PARK and OVAL ELECTRIC RAILWAY STATION.

PAWNBROKERS' UNREDEEMED EMPORIUM.

PAWNBROKERS' UNREDEEMED EMPORIUM.

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE. Approval before payment. Send postcard for complete list of Bargains.

9/6 ONLY.—MAGNIFICENT SET OF FURS. Elegant rich dark Sable Hair Duchesse, 18-carat gold-cased, 6ft. long necklet with 5 tails, and handsome large Muff; post and now; reduced price, 9s. 6d.

15/6 ONLY.—GRAND SERVICE OF SPOONS and 6 each kind, 30 pieces, freshly reduced, 15s. 6d.

9/9.—HANDSOME SERVICE SHEPHELD CUTLERY, 12 table, 12 cheese knives, carvers, and steel, Crayford ivory handles; unsoled; 9s. 9d.; approval willingly.

16/6 ONLY.—FISH KNIVES and FORKS, handsome case, 6 pairs silver, half-marked, mounted ivory handles; unsoled; reduced price, 16s. 6d.; companion case Doves, 15s. 6d.; at a special price, 15s. 6d.

9/6 ONLY.—LADY'S ELEGANT SILK UMBRELLA; Fox's frame; deep silver half-marked; approved handle.

5/9 ONLY.—CURB CHAIN BRACELET and PAD-LOCK, 18-carat gold filled; lady's and gentleman's chain, 18-in., gold-filled, 6s. 6d.; in cases; approval.

9/6 ONLY.—18-CARAT GOLD-CASED CHRONOGRAPH STOP WATCH, limited 100th part of a minute; perfect timekeeper; warranted; also 18-carat gold watch, 10s. 6d.; in cases; approval.

EMANUEL and CO., D.M. DEPT. (only address), 31, CLAPHAM ROAD, LONDON, NOTE ADDRESS. Near KENNINGTON GATE.

## DAILY BARGAINS.

## DAILY BARGAINS.

## Miscellaneous.

HUMPHREYS' Iron and Wood Buildings of every description; inexpensive; quickly erected; special catalogues for each class of building.—Office, Humphreys, Ltd., Knightbridge, London, S.W.

LADY'S-MAID must sell privately two handsome ladies' Orient Diamond and Ruby Rings; 18-carat gold-cased; accept only 5s. the two; bargain; approval before payment willingly.—Miss Andrews, The Gables, Ealing, London.

LARGE Assortment of new and second-hand Leather Trunks to be sold cheap.—Wentor, 107, Charing Cross-rd., W.C.

MUSIC.—10 Popular Songs (words and music) and lists post free, 2 stamps.—"C." Billing, 746, Holloway-rd., London.

PATCHWORK.—500 beautiful Crazywork Silks, 1s. 6d. free.—Madam, 6, William's-cottages, Peckham.

PATCHWORK.—300 lovely variety silks, 1s. 6d.; 150, larger, 1s. 6d.; free.—Max, 38, Hawthorn-rd., Hornsey.

PICTURE POSTCARDS.—Splendid quality; none like them; 50 different, 1s.—Dobson, Bective-rd., London.

STAMP Catalogue, 1905 Edition just out, includes description and prices of all the world's Postage Stamps issued from 1840 to 1904; 422 pages, 2,900 illustrations; 1s. 6d. post free; Stamps bought, sold, and exchanged.—Whitfield, King, and Co., Ipswich.

START Saving Your Money To-day in the "London Magazine." Savings Bank—the most ingenious mechanical money-saver ever invented! It is so cleverly devised that once you start saving you are obliged to continue.—On sale at Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons's and Messrs. Willing's book-stalls, at all ironmongers and fancy goods stores, and from the Novelty Department X, 12 and 13, Broadway, Ludgate, London, E.C. Price 1s., or 1s. 2d. by post.

TWELVE DASH MORE.—Maker's sacrifice sale surplus stock Irish Bed, Table Linens, Commodities, etc.; half makers' prices; most marvelous bargains; staples and catalogues free.—Hurst, 10, Islington, Islington, N.W.

PICTURE Postcards (latest design, 25, 4d.; 50, 8d.; 100, 1s. 4d.; all different; post free.—Perrin Bros., below.

ATREPS Postcards (Marie Stodolne, Isabel Jay, etc.); 1s. per dozen (uncoloured); 7d.; hand-coloured, 1s. 4d.; 2s. 6d. post free.—Perrin Bros., 67, Tottenham-rd., Heston, N.W.

# ONE CUP OF RAS COCOA CONTAINS MORE NOURISHMENT THAN TEN CUPS OF ANY OTHER COCOA

FASHIONABLE WRITING PAPERS at special price, supplied and list free.—George Taylor, High-class Stationer, Harrington, London.

FURNITURE.—Gentleman must sell beautiful drawing-room suite, complete, £7 10s.; solid brass bedstead, 70s.; handsome piano, £11 10s.; motor-car, perfect; private, 2, Holland-rd., Longhorn-rd., Brighton.

FURNITURE.—Rich eadless suite, handsome square carpet-pattern lin, rug, pretty table, and vase, 10s. 10s.; or 2d. week.—Hine, 97, Wiesbaden-rd., Stoke Newington.

HANDSOME case 18-carat gold curb Bracelet free with our splendid catalogue of clothing; send six stamps.—Baker, Booty, and Co., 226, Voluntary-pk., Wandsworth.

## GREAT CLEARANCE SALE.

Full List Post Free on Application.

HANDSOME PRESENTS GIVEN AWAY.

To every purchaser during our Great Clearance Sale, we will give absolutely Free a Magnetic Fountain Pen, with Electric Gold Nib.

10/6 GENT'S MAGNIFICENT 18-CARAT GOLD-KEYLESS CHRONOGRAPH STOP WATCH, jewelled movement, perfect timekeeper, 5 years' warranty; also 18-carat gold filled double curb Albert, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

10/6 GENT'S MAGNIFICENT 18-CARAT GOLD-KEYLESS CHRONOGRAPH STOP WATCH, jewelled movement, perfect timekeeper, 5 years' warranty; also 18-carat gold filled double curb Albert, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

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DAVIS and CO. (Dept. 12), PAWNBROKERS, 234, BRINGTON-ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

PATRONISED BY THE NOBILITY.

FOUNTAIN PENS GIVEN AWAY.

FREE GIFT.—To every Purchaser during our Great Clearance Sale we will give absolutely Free a 6s. FOUNTAIN PEN, with Electric Gold Nib, Filtration, and Instructions in Box complete. Sale Lasts Free on Application.

10/6 GENT'S MAGNIFICENT 18-CARAT GOLD-KEYLESS CHRONOGRAPH STOP WATCH, jewelled movement, perfect timekeeper, 5 years' warranty; also 18-carat gold filled double curb Albert, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

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## DAILY BARGAINS.

## Wanted to Purchase.

ANTIQUE China, Furniture, Prints, Pictures, Plate purchased; price no object if fine specimens.—Sargent, 74, Palmer-st., Westminster.

CASH received.—Miss Abbott, 116, Euston-rd., London.

OLD Artificial Teeth and Settings bought; before selling call or write for our prices—the highest given.—Paris Teeth-buyers' Co., 2, Broad-st., London, E.C. 4, with all 27 upwards sold, London.—Hatch and Co., Rush-lane House, Cannon-st., London.

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A. A. A. A.—Do you want to make money?—Send for free pamphlet, "How to Make Money," post free, if you mention this paper by name; shows in simple language how to make money by Stock Exchange speculations; all with 27 upwards sold, London.—Hatch and Co., Rush-lane House, Cannon-st., London.

A. A. A. A.—"How Money Makes Money" (post free) clearly shows how anybody with small capital may make large profits without any experience; profit of £27 10s. on £5 shilling in 12 days; are not these results worth your attention? Why not send for the pamphlet to Messrs. Anderson and Co., Cannon-st. Chambers, Bishopsgate, London.

ANNUITANTS WHO ARE RESTRAINED FROM BORROWING on their incomes, or persons who are entitled to cash or property at death of relative, or others who can have their annuities paid, apply to LUTHERTON and Co., Bankers' Agents, who have also a SPECIAL PLAN TO INVEST with Income Tax, 10s. 6d. per annum.

TERMS FIVE PER CENT. PER ANNUM.

FIVE POUNDS to £500 ADVANCED, on shortest notice, at an approved note of hand, on your own security; repayments to suit borrower's convenience; strictly private; no fees or charges unless business completed.—Call or write for full particulars to the actual lenders, Messrs. Winter, No. 259, Romford-rd., Forest Gate, E. London.

"HOW TO MAKE MONEY" (post free).—Everyone with a few pounds spare capital should write for above pamphlet, showing how to make money by Stock Exchange speculations; all with 27 upwards sold, London.—Hatch and Co., Rush-lane House, Cannon-st., London.

MONEY.—For private loans, £15 upwards, without securities.—George Banks, Eagle-cliff, Gravesend.

MONEY.—If you require an advance promptly completed at a fair rate of interest apply to the old-established Provincial Union Bank, 30, Upper Brook-st., Ipswich.

MONEY Lent on Simple Note of Hand; from £3 to £1,000 private at one day's notice; no securities; no easy instalments; no preliminary fees; forms free.—Apply Mr. Johnson, 66, Finsbury-pavement, E.C.

£5 TO £500 advanced daily on note of hand alone; all business convenient; no securities or fees; repayments to suit borrower's convenience.—George Simpson, 74, Freet-hd., Edgware-rd., W. London.

£5 TO £1000 Advanced to householders and others on approved note of hand; no securities required; trade bills discounted on shortest notice; strictly private and confidential.—Before borrowing elsewhere write or call on actual lender, J. Vincent, 14, Hillington-green, Islington, London.

£10 TO £1,000. ON NOTE OF HAND ALONE. WITHOUT FEES OR SECURITIES. REPLY TO THE SUIT CLIENTS. 25, Gillingham-street, S.W. (by Victoria Station).

£10 TO £10,000 ADVANCED CONFIDENTIALLY ON NOTE OF HAND ALONE. In a few hours money advanced by easy instalments. NO SECURITIES or FEES (also on furniture, without removal). Apply to the actual lenders.

SEYMOUR AND WHITEHEAD, 32, Walbrook, E.C.

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ASTHMA CURED by Zematone.—Write for free trial box to Cornford, 4, Lloyd-st., London.

FISH; fresh caught; assorted, or one kind; 4lb. 1s. 6d.; 6lb. 2s.; 9lb. 2s. 6d.; 12lb. and upwards 3s. 10d.; carefully cleaned, carriage paid, price lists free; ready delivery.—Rock Fish Co., Grimsby, Lincoln.

LARGE Trussed Fowls, 5s. a pair, carriage paid.—Send P.O., Frim, Morden, Surrey.

POULTRY AT LOWEST SMITHFIELD PRICES.—Two large Chickens, 1s. 6d.; 3, 2s. 6d.; 4, 3s. 6d.; 5, 4s. 6d.; 6, 5s. 6d.; 7, 6s. 6d.; 8, 7s. 6d.; 9, 8s. 6d.; 10, 9s. 6d.; 11, 10s. 6d.; 12, 11s. 6d.; 13, 12s. 6d.; 14, 13s. 6d.; 15, 14s. 6d.; 16, 15s. 6d.; 17, 16s. 6d.; 18, 17s. 6d.; 19, 18s. 6d.; 20, 19s. 6d.; 21, 20s. 6d.; 22, 21s. 6d.; 23, 22s. 6d.; 24, 23s. 6d.; 25, 24s. 6d.; 26, 25s. 6d.; 27, 26s. 6d.; 28, 27s. 6d.; 29, 28s. 6d.; 30, 29s. 6d.; 31, 30s. 6d.; 32, 31s. 6d.; 33, 32s. 6d.; 34, 33s. 6d.; 35, 34s. 6d.; 36, 35s. 6d.; 37, 36s. 6d.; 38, 37s. 6d.; 39, 38s. 6d.; 40, 39s. 6d.; 41, 40s. 6d.; 42, 41s. 6d.; 43, 42s. 6d.; 44, 43s. 6d.; 45, 44s. 6d.; 46, 45s. 6d.; 47, 46s. 6d.; 48, 47s. 6d.; 49, 48s. 6d.; 50, 49s. 6d.; 51, 50s. 6d.; 52, 51s. 6d.; 53, 52s. 6d.; 54, 53s. 6d.; 55, 54s. 6d.; 56, 55s. 6d.; 57, 56s. 6d.; 58, 57s. 6d.; 59, 58s. 6d.; 60, 59s. 6d.; 61, 60s. 6d.; 62, 61s. 6d.; 63, 62s. 6d.; 64, 63s. 6d.; 65, 64s. 6d.; 66, 65s. 6d.; 67, 66s. 6d.; 68, 67s. 6d.; 69, 68s. 6d.; 70, 69s. 6d.; 71, 70s. 6d.; 72, 71s. 6d.; 73, 72s. 6d.; 74, 73s. 6d.; 75, 74s. 6d.; 76, 75s. 6d.; 77, 76s. 6d.; 78, 77s. 6d.; 79, 78s. 6d.; 80, 79s. 6d.; 81, 80s. 6d.; 82, 81s. 6d.; 83, 82s. 6d.; 84, 83s. 6d.; 85, 84s. 6d.; 86, 85s. 6d.; 87, 86s. 6d.; 88, 87s. 6d.; 89, 88s. 6d.; 90, 89s. 6d.; 91, 90s. 6d.; 92, 91s. 6d.; 93, 92s. 6d.; 94, 93s. 6d.; 95, 94s. 6d.; 96, 95s. 6d.; 97, 96s. 6d.; 98, 97s. 6d.; 99, 98s. 6d.; 100, 99s. 6d.; 101, 100s. 6d.; 102, 101s. 6d.; 103, 102s. 6d.; 104, 103s. 6d.; 105, 104s. 6d.; 106, 105s. 6d.; 107, 106s. 6d.; 108, 107s. 6d.; 109, 108s. 6d.; 110, 109s. 6d.; 111, 110s. 6d.; 112, 111s. 6d.; 113, 112s. 6d.; 114, 113s. 6d.; 115, 114s. 6d.; 116, 115s. 6d.; 117, 116s. 6d.; 118, 117s. 6d.; 119, 118s. 6d.; 120, 119s. 6d.; 121, 120s. 6d.; 122, 121s. 6d.; 123, 122s. 6d.; 124, 123s. 6d.; 125, 124s. 6d.; 126, 125s. 6d.; 127, 126s. 6d.; 128, 127s. 6d.; 129, 128s. 6d.; 130, 129s. 6d.; 131, 130s. 6d.; 132, 131s. 6d.; 133, 132s. 6d.; 134, 133s. 6d.; 135, 134s. 6d.; 136, 135s. 6d.; 137, 136s. 6d.; 138, 137s. 6d.; 139, 138s. 6d.; 140, 139s. 6d.; 141, 140s. 6d.; 142, 141s. 6d.; 143, 142s. 6d.; 144, 143s. 6d.; 145, 144s. 6d.; 146, 145s. 6d.; 147, 146s. 6d.; 148